

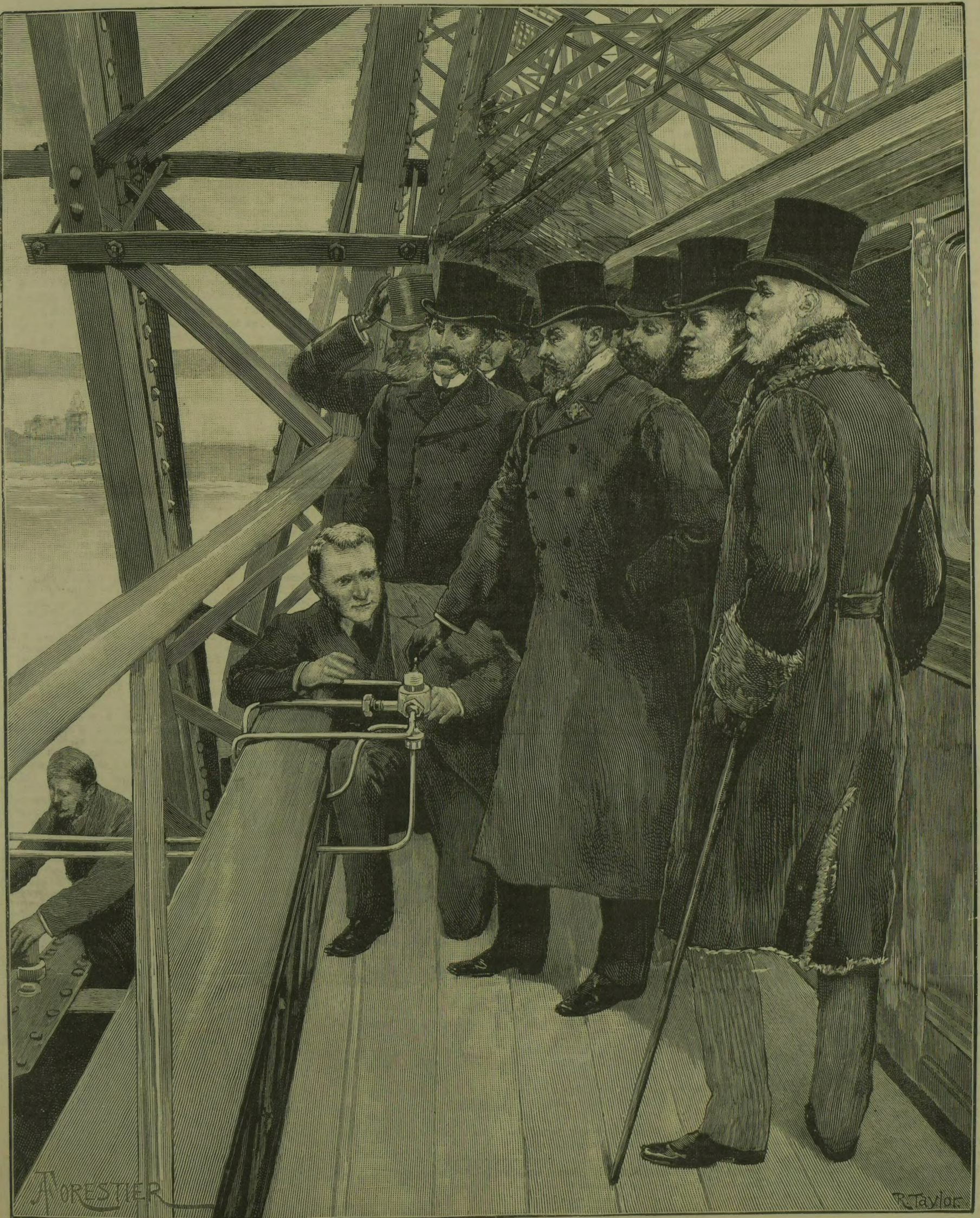
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THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING IN THE LAST RIVET OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The death of "the second richest man in the world" has caused a great sensation. The numerous sect who worship the golden calf are deeply moved, and murmur to themselves in a hushed voice, "Thirty millions—thirty millions—sterling." When emotion permits it, they calculate that this sum "at 4 per cent produces £3287 a day, including Sundays." This is, no doubt, very gratifying; but it is sad to reflect that even this highly respectable cult has a cant of its own. Millionaires have nowadays a good deal to say for themselves—or, at least, about themselves—to the world at large, and one point on which they always insist is that their wealth is a burthen to them. "If I was only a poor fellow with a hundred thousand pounds or so, I might be a happy man; but these millions make me wretched." The gentleman last departed from this bourne of scrip and share, it seems, suffered like the rest. "The houses, ships, and farms I own," he said, "are for the accommodation of others [itself a most disagreeable reflection]. I can do nothing with my income but buy more land, build more houses, and lend money on mortgage for the convenience of borrowers [another painful thought]. Meantime, my labour is incessant, and I know no peace by night or day." Now, what should we say to a man who voluntarily carried a bag of stones on his back all day, and yet complained of the weight of them? Any sensible person would naturally cry, "Drop them!" If the toiler, with bent back and perspiring brow, should reply (as we may be quite sure he would do), "But they are precious stones," the answer is still obvious, "Then give them away." If millionaires imagine for one moment that they impose upon any person of common-sense by this hypocritical rubbish, it shows that the art of acquiring capital is not one that requires a high degree of intelligence. Of this last money-spinner I notice it is observed by a devoted admirer that he was "discreetly generous": an epithet, so far as I know, hitherto unknown, and which should be a godsend to stonemasons.

A glutton is a very much rarer creature than a drunkard. It is so much easier to drink when you are not thirsty than to eat when you are not hungry. The full soul loatheth the honeycomb. The stories of gourmandise are mostly ancient, and they are not attractive. The famous platter of Vitellius, Minerva's buckler, whereon were "blended together the livers of gilthead, the brains of peacocks, the tongues of phenicopters [whatever they were], and the milts of lampreys," strikes one as rather a mess. Aelius Verus does not impress us with his suppers so much as with the cost of them (six hundred thousand sesterces), and his great consideration in providing a mule to carry each of his guests home. One has no sympathy with Apicius because he poisoned himself on finding he had only ten million of sesterces left to provide his table; nor with Philoxenus, who, in total ignorance of the purpose of the palate, wished his neck as long as a crane's that he might have the longer enjoyment of his food. In modern times, anecdotes are narrated of gastronomy, but not of excess, which to the civilised mind is merely disgusting. What is rather strange, a gourmand who has become poor rarely hankers after his former feasts, though he will drink when he has the chance. There is more than one anecdote of the ruined man who, having a guinea given to him, spends it on a bottle of generous wine, but none of one who spends it on a banquet.

Now and then, however, a rogue has a taste for good things, which he must indulge at any (other man's) cost. Such was the gentleman at Verey's who, well dressed but without a sixpence in his pocket, bespoke the most admirable dinner, and enjoyed it, and whose last order to the obsequious waiter was, "And now, my man, you may bring a policeman." The very fellow to him has just turned up at the Maison d'Or in Paris, who, it seems, has spent a fortune of fourteen hundred pounds a year upon his palate, and cannot understand why he should not feed as well as ever, though his money is gone. His appetite is not only excellent but enormous, his taste is as good as ever: does not Nature herself, therefore, insist that he must not only eat but dine? There is a curious solicitude in this class of person about the dainties with which he regales himself, which sometimes follows them beyond the grave—his mouth. A ruined gourmand once presented himself at Delmonico's, or some similar high-class restaurant in New York. After the best of dinners, and the announcement of his regret that he had not got a cent to pay for it, the proprietor came up in a towering passion, with some half-concealed weapon in his hand. "What is that?" exclaimed the trembling wretch. "Oh, what have you got there?" "A revolver!" was the grim reply. "Is that all?" ejaculated the offender, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid it was a stomach-pump!"

It is said, one knows not with what truth, that Mr. Gladstone's late illness was brought on by standing bareheaded in an east wind by Lord Sydney's grave. It is amazing how long this perilous custom has endured among us. The clergyman who performs the service for the dead has sometimes the sense to wear a skullcap; but the lay mourners, no matter what their age or delicacy of constitution, still continue to risk lives as valuable to those they love as that of him to whom they are paying their last tribute, by being bareheaded. If they think this act one of respect to their friend's memory, it is a strange way of showing it: "if aught of things that here befall" move him at all, it can give him nothing but distress of mind; if the dead are dead, it can afford him no satisfaction. If it is intended as a compliment to his friends, it is their obvious duty to dispense with it. The custom has not even superstition to recommend it. It is a mere formal convention, against which, as being dangerous to life, it is the duty of every officiating minister to warn his hearers. When the snow is falling, it is permissible, even at the graveside, to put

up an umbrella: when the east wind is blowing "like a bolt from a crossbow," why should we not cover our heads?

Succhi, the total abstainer, has not escaped the clutches of the interviewer. His views of life are as cheerful as those of other men who have dined well. He is of opinion that London, even in February, is "a beautiful city." One has heard people say that when full of meat and "flown with wine," but such a eulogium upon our Metropolis was never perhaps passed before on (so to speak) an empty stomach. "Where I differ from other fasting men," he says, "is that whereas they remain supine I am active." An electric force within him, generated and controlled by his will, keeps him up and doing. Under these circumstances he loves to climb lofty eminences—the Eiffel Tower, Rouen Cathedral, and so on, which makes the task of "watching" him no sinecure. Instead of remaining by his bedside, like clergymen and doctors, as is usually the custom with those who undertake the supervision of a fasting man, Signor Succhi's attendants have to run like lamplighters while he "absorbs electricity just as you absorb oxygen"; they absorb nothing, save perhaps a pork-pie snatched from some refreshment bar. Never was medical science pursued—and at such a rate—under more inconvenient circumstances. After the fifteenth day their man is as fresh as ever, and craving for dizzy heights. Nothing has as yet, we are assured, induced this gentleman to break any fast he has imposed upon himself: I would therefore venture to suggest to some enterprising advertiser of relishes the "Succhi sauce." The champion starvationist might be represented as withstanding the sight of the bottle, but, on the cork being drawn (say, on the fourteenth day of abstinence), and the delicious smell invading his nostrils, he falls. It would make a very pretty poster.

The great fasters of modern days have almost invariably been discovered feeding, and covered their backers with confusion; but in the good old times evidence was more generously accepted, and a gentleman's word taken with less of offensive doubt. This was naturally still more the case with the ladies who took up the fasting business. Margaret of Spire, as the Bishop of that city himself tells us, lived without food of any kind for three years, to the great admiration of his Lordship, who was "certain" there was no juggling in the matter. Eve Fliegen of Meurs "lived on air from the year of our Lord 1567 to 1581, which is testified to both by the magistrates and the minister of the town." In front of the picture of this abstemious young person may still be read in Latin these touching couplets:—

This maid of Meurs thirty and six years spent,
Fourteen of which she took no nourishment,
Thus pale and worn she sits, sad and alone,
A garden's all she loves to look upon.

But presumably not a kitchen garden. It was more unusual for persons of both sexes not to drink anything; but we are told that Mago, the Carthaginian, "did three times travel over the vast and sandy deserts of Africa, where little water is to be met with," without taking one drop of it, or wanting any. "Moreover," throughout that time, says the chronicler, "he fed upon bran," which certainly does not seem to have been judicious. The story itself should, perhaps, be taken with a grain of salt. Theophrastus also informs us that one Philinus, a friend of his, "never made use of any manner of food; no, nor of drink either, excepting milk." The one thing that seems wanting to this last statement is the sentence "and that only in his first year." Whatever may be said by persons deficient in culture against the ancients generally, they were certainly most magnificent liars. *Splendide mendax* was the phrase applied to the finest of them by a generous rival.

An Englishman's capacity for being bored, if he is a politician, is enormous. There is at this moment a question before the public which has been there for years, about which nothing new can possibly be said, and concerning which both parties repeat the same thing everywhere every day. There is a strong feeling among some of them against cruelty to animals, but in "flogging the dead horse" they have no scruples. But it is surely almost time that persons who are not politicians should be allowed to make their humble protest. They are sick of it. They want to read about something else, but it crops up even in the most unexpected places, where one had hopes of a livelier thing—just as what one thinks is going to be a good story ends in an advertisement of a patent medicine. Bimetallism, merely because it is a change, would be almost a change for the better. Cannot the newspapers, which are, after all, not written entirely for politicians, put the Thing in a supplement which people might read or not as they please? And now, while this plague is raging, we are threatened with a revival of the Titchborne case. The Claimant, no longer "languishing in chains," assures us that an immense sum has already been subscribed towards the necessary expenses, and that he is going to "fight it all over again." He is probably lying; but he may be speaking the truth—everything is possible in this world, and, among other things, the being bored to death. It is certain, if his menace is carried into effect, that persons of advanced years and constitutions already enfeebled by their present burthen will not survive it: they cannot stand that and the other thing too. If there is any real danger of a new trial, for mercy's sake let us have a public subscription, and compound the matter! It would be surely permissible even to compound a felony to avert such a catastrophe.

A case is before the Tribunal of Justice at Tiflis such as is quite unknown to our English courts, and would cause some astonishment even in that learned Judge who piques himself on "being surprised at nothing." A Russian gentleman, who had an enemy in the Caucasus, hired a local bravo, for fifteen pounds down, and another fifteen after the completion of the job, to get rid of him. The proof was to consist of the delivery of one of the dead man's ears. It duly came to hand, and the employer, who was a liberal fellow, and gave an extra two

pound ten as backsheesh, naturally thought no more about it. Imagine his just indignation when, on visiting Tiflis a few months afterwards, he came upon his should-have-been-deceased foe, in good health and spirits, and with both those ears, one of which the Russian thought he had left in spirits at home. The wretch he had employed seems to have borrowed an ear from the graveyard, and swindled his employer out of thirty-two pounds ten shillings by a specious tale. The dupes demands of justice that the sums of which he has been thus iniquitously defrauded shall be refunded. Opinion is divided, but the result of the trial is looked forward to by the public with great interest. Even in Tiflis, it seems, the circumstances are unusual.

Poor Chang, who was once looked up to by all his fellow-creatures, is in sad case. From failing health he finds his stature decreasing, and bitterly complains that he is now only seven feet six inches high. This is still a good altitude for seeing things over other folks' heads, and acquiring personal information about the habits of first-floor people, but professionally it is open to rivalry. The apprehensions of this gentleman are quite peculiar. Everyone has a friend at his club who is always "trying his weight" on the machine kept for that purpose. He sits on the flat metal, gazing at the scale with earnest eyes, as if calculating for how little he can go by the parcel post. Sometimes he fears that he is "losing flesh," but it is generally the other way. In that case he takes any halfpence he may have in his pocket and puts them on one side, to "give himself every chance." The fat man weighs himself before meals, the lean man afterwards; but both look equally melancholy during the operation, and neither speaks of its result. It is a sacred secret, unless it is reserved, perhaps, for their wives. They have a private conviction that it will not awaken a very lively interest in their friends; but that only makes the spectacle they present while rising or sinking in the fatal scales the more amazing. The fear of growing shorter is unknown in clubs: the amateur giant, indeed, would not be so long if he could help it; while, on the other hand, a good many people would like to be taller. At present, however, there is, unfortunately, no invention—in the cloak-room or elsewhere—for elongating the human frame. Men are only "drawn out"—and that with difficulty—in conversation. If it were otherwise, the exhibition would throw that of the weighing-machine completely into the shade.

THE COURT.

Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., Comptroller of the Household, who arrived at Windsor Castle on Feb. 27, had an audience of the Queen, and presented to her Majesty an Address from the House of Commons in reply to the Speech from the Throne. M. D'Antas, late Portuguese Minister in London, and Madame D'Antas arrived at the castle and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Lady Ewart also had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. On the 28th Major-General Sir Henry and Lady Ewart had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Mr. R. Milbanke (Secretary of Legation at Coburg) had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family on March 1. Lady Biddulph, Colonel H. W. and Mrs. Corry, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, and Colonel Charles Byng had the honour of being invited. On Sunday morning, the 2nd, the Queen and the Royal family and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hornby, Provost of Eton College and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. Dr. Hornby preached the sermon. The Marchioness of Salisbury and the wife of the Italian Ambassador visited the Queen on the 3rd, and stayed to luncheon. The Earl and Countess of Cadogan were included in the Royal dinner-party. On the 4th her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, came to town, and visited the Tudor Exhibition; on the 5th the Queen held a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace, and returned to Windsor Castle on the 6th. We are authorised to state that the Queen will hold her second Drawingroom on Friday, March 14.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, visited the Shire Horse Show on Feb. 27. They were received by Lord Wantage, president of the society. The Royal party having inspected the exhibits, the prize-animals were paraded in the ring, after which the Prince distributed the challenge cups and medals, expressing great satisfaction at the excellence of the show. On the 28th the Prince received at Marlborough House M. D'Antas, late Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James, and Madame D'Antas, previous to their departure from England. In the evening the Prince, accompanied by Prince George of Wales, attended the Princess's Theatre. The Prince, accompanied by Prince George, left Marlborough House on March 1 for Sheerness, to inspect her Majesty's ship Warspite, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Hotham, previous to her departure for the Pacific. Their Royal Highnesses lunched on board the Warspite, with the Admiral and Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, and returned to London in the evening. The Prince travelled as Honorary Admiral of the Fleet, and was received with a salute of nineteen guns from the Wildfire, flag-ship at the Nore, which flies the flag of Admiral Lethbridge, and the Northampton. His Royal Highness made a thorough inspection of the Warspite, which is one of the finest war-cruisers afloat. Salutes of nineteen guns were fired on the departure of the Princes for London. In the evening the Prince and the Duke and Duchess of Fife were present at the Garrick Theatre. On the 3rd the Prince, accompanied by Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh (who arrived the previous day from Coburg), and the Duke of Fife, reached Dalmeny to open the bridge over the Firth of Forth next day. There was no official visit to Edinburgh, but the Lord Provost and members of the Council took occasion to present an address to his Royal Highness. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, has been staying at Sandringham House, and has taken several drives in the neighbourhood. On Sunday morning, the 2nd, the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at Sandringham Church. The Rev. Ernest Heseltine (the newly appointed Rector of Great Cressingham, Norfolk) officiated and preached. The Princess of Wales proceeded to London on the 4th to be present at the Queen's Drawingroom.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached to a crowded congregation in the Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road, on Sunday evening, March 2, from the words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

OPENING OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

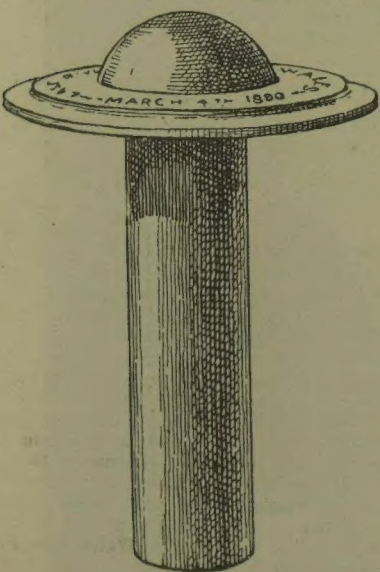
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on Tuesday, March 4, performed the ceremonies of fixing the last rivet of this immense and ingenious structure, and formally opening the bridge for ordinary railway traffic. It had already, in January, been substantially completed, so as to allow of its being tested by the passage of trains with mineral freight twice as heavy as any that will be used in future; and a special train with passengers, on Jan. 24, driven by the Marquess of Tweeddale, crossed the bridge to and fro. The Marquis of Tweeddale, Chairman of the North British Railway Company, and the Chairmen of the Great Northern and the Midland Railway Companies, were in that train. It is by the enterprise of these three companies, which provide, with the North-Eastern Railway, the facilities of travel from London to the north of Scotland on the eastern side of Great Britain, that the Forth Bridge has been constructed—a work of seven years—at a cost of two and a half millions sterling.



A description of the Forth Bridge, which is by far the greatest fabric of steel or iron, and the greatest engineering design of that kind yet produced in the world, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of Oct. 12, 1889, with several illustrations of the works in progress, and others had been given at an earlier date. Its great utility will be manifest at a glance to everybody who looks at the map of Scotland. Two broad estuaries and rivers, those of the Forth and the Tay, penetrate far westward into the interior of that country. The Tay Bridge, just below Dundee, reconstructed since the overthrow of the first bridge erected there, which was destroyed by a storm of wind in December 1879, shortens the journey to Aberdeen; but in travelling from Edinburgh, either to Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen or to Perth and Inverness, it is necessary to cross the Forth. This has been done, hitherto, by a long railway circuit through Falkirk and Alloa, below Stirling, or by the ferry at Granton, near Leith, to Burntisland, on the Fife coast. The new Forth Bridge is at Queensferry, where the north and south shores of the Firth of Forth approach nearest to each other, and where a small rocky islet, Inchgarvie, in mid-channel, affords a convenient stepping-stone. Its northern extremity leads to the junction, at Inverkeithing, of two important lines, one running directly north, by Dunfermline and Kinross, to Perth; the other taking a north-easterly direction to Kirkcaldy and Dundee. The bridge is about eight miles from Edinburgh.

The engineers, Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker, had to span two clear spaces of deep water, each space 1710 ft. wide from pier to pier, the channels on the north and south sides of the rocky islet. They have accomplished this, not by suspension bridges, but by "cantilevers," or brackets, jutting out towards each other 680 ft. at each side of the span, with a central girder, laid on their ends, over the intervening space of 350 ft. There are three cantilevers: the two situated respectively on the north and south shores of the estuary balance each other, while the fixed ends of each are held down to piers of massive masonry by weights of a thousand tons. The largest cantilever is 1630 ft. long; each of the two others is 1510 ft. long. They are open lattice frameworks of steel, having the general shape of an elongated diamond-form, with the side angles cut off, apparently resting on the flattened obtuse angle of the lower side, and rising 350 ft. above the piers. The floor of the railway, supported by struts, is laid in the longitudinal axis of the cantilevers, the centre uprights of which rise 200 ft. above its level. The effect, in a general distant view, is rather odd; three enormous cages, as it were, and a horizontal line running straight through them, one after another, cannot have the beauty of a suspension bridge. But they cannot, like the Tay suspension bridge, be swayed by the wind and blown down. These cantilevers, with the shorter central girders resting on their outward ends in the middle of each span, and with the rock of Inchgarvie, only 33 ft. wide at the top, and the piers built upon it, carry the railway a length of 5350 ft., from one great end-pier to another. The entire length of the bridge is nearly a mile and a half, but the remaining portions, on the South Queensferry shore, and on the North Queensferry shore, in Fife, are supported by ordinary upright piers.

The railway is 160 ft. above the water at high tide, so that ships can easily pass under it. Each channel is over 200 ft. deep, and it would have been impossible to erect piers in such a depth of water. The lowest foundation of the piers actually laid here is 90 ft. above which the steel superstructure rises 360 ft. So that the building altogether, from its submerged foundations, is higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and its total magnitude greatly exceeds that of the Eiffel Tower, while its water span is 114 ft. beyond that of the Brooklyn suspension bridge at New York. The quantity of steel used in its construction is 51,000 tons; and each of the main piers consists of 18,000 tons of masonry. Five thousand men were at one time employed in the works. The contractors are Messrs. Tancred and Arrol, including Sir Thomas S. Tancred, Bart., and Mr. William Arrol, by the latter of whom many ingenious mechanical contrivances have been invented to overcome difficulties in the steel fabric. Mr. Frederick Cooper was the resident engineer, and Mr. Joseph Phillips was the resident member of the firm of contractors.



LAST RIVET OF THE FORTH BRIDGE: DRIVEN IN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The ceremonies of finishing and opening the Forth Bridge were performed by the Prince of Wales in a strong breeze of wind, on that lofty open structure, necessarily in a hasty manner, but with vigorous goodwill and cheerfulness, in the

presence of an illustrious assembly, comprising his son Prince George, who had come with him from London to Edinburgh the day before; his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who had travelled from Russia on purpose; the Duke of Fife; the Earl of Rosebery, who was the host of their Royal Highnesses at Dalmeny; the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the engineers and contractors of the Forth Bridge, some directors of the four railway companies interested in this undertaking; the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Polwarth; the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Provosts of Stirling, Dunfermline, and other Scottish burghs; the Bishop of Lichfield; Mr. Matthew William Thompson, chairman of the Forth Bridge Company; Lord John Hay, Lord Kingsburgh, Sir William Thomson, Mr. J. Dent Dent, Mr. J. Hall Renton, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, and several members of Parliament; and many representatives of foreign railway companies and engineering works, including M. Eiffel, M. Picquard, Herr Martens, and eminent scientific men.

The Royal party arrived at the Forth Bridge Station by special train at half past eleven, and were received by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker, the engineers, with Mr. Phillips, Mr. William Arrol, the contractor, and other gentlemen, the directors having come by a preceding train. The train conveying the Princes went slowly over the bridge to North Queensferry, allowing them to inspect the huge structure, and to see the grand view of the Firth of Forth and its shores. They embarked at the North Queensferry Pier on board the steam-launch Dolphin, in which they passed under one span of the bridge, round the isle of Inchgarvie, and to the south side, returning to the north pier. Their Royal Highnesses then re-entered the train, which moved back over the bridge.

In the middle of the north connecting-girder the train stopped to allow the Prince of Wales to perform the ceremony of driving the last rivet. A temporary wooden staging had been erected there, and upon it his Royal Highness stepped, along with Lord Tweeddale, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Arrol. The hydraulic riveter was swung from one of the booms, the pressure being supplied from an accumulator at Inchgarvie. Two men were placed on the boom below to manipulate the machine. The gilded rivet having been placed in the bolt-hole, and the silver key having been handed to his Royal Highness by Lord Tweeddale, the Prince, with Mr. Arrol's assistance, finished the work in a few seconds, amid cheers. The rivet is in the outside of the railing, and holds together three plates. Around its gilded top there is an inscription stating that it is the "last rivet, driven in by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, 4th March, 1890."

The train stopped a second time at the south great cantilever pier, where another platform had been erected, upon



SILVER KEY USED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN FINISHING THE FORTH BRIDGE.

which several ladies were standing. Here the Prince again left the train, at half past one o'clock, to make the formal declaration of the opening of the bridge. As the wind was blowing so violently that his Royal Highness had difficulty in retaining a steady foothold, it was impossible to make a speech. He simply said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I now declare the Forth Bridge open."

The opening ceremony, during which the keen rough wind, in that exposed situation, must have provoked an appetite for luncheon, was followed, at two o'clock, by a good banquet in the engineers' Model Room at the bridge works. This large room had been handsomely decorated with crimson, gold, rose-colour on the walls, and stripes of white calico, edged with blue and red, concealed the roof. Over the platform occupied by the head table was a magnificent canopy of crimson-and-gold plush, with the Royal arms, and the motto of the Prince of Wales on a gold scroll. Shields bearing the arms of towns in England and Scotland, and devices of the great railway companies, were ranged along the walls.

The chair was taken by Mr. Matthew William Thompson, having on his right hand the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Rosebery, Prince George of Wales, and the Duke of Fife; on his left hand the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Marquis of Tweeddale. After drinking the Queen's health, the chairman proposed that of the Prince of Wales and others of the Royal family. In returning thanks the Prince of Wales said he felt grateful to have taken part in a ceremony so interesting and important that day. He was an old hand at opening bridges; for, thirty years ago, at the request of the Canadian Government, he opened the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. His Royal Highness read from a paper furnished to him a precise statistical description of the Forth Bridge. He remarked its advantages to the eastern parts of Scotland, bringing Perth within forty-seven miles' journey of Edinburgh, Dundee fifty-nine miles, and Aberdeen 130 miles. His Royal Highness added: "I have much pleasure in stating that, on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, the Queen has been pleased to create Mr. Matthew William Thompson, chairman of the Forth Bridge Company and of the Midland Railway Company, and Sir John Fowler, engineer-in-chief of the Forth Bridge, baronets of the United Kingdom. The Queen has also created, or intends to create, Mr. Benjamin Baker, Sir John Fowler's colleague, a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and to confer on Mr. William Arrol, the contractor, the honour of a knighthood." His Royal Highness said he had just received telegrams from the Queen and the Princess of Wales offering their congratulations on the accomplishment of this great work.

Our Special Artists, Mr. W. Simpson and M. Forestier, were present on the occasion, and we give their Sketches of the proceedings. The Portrait of Sir John Fowler, Bart., who has been President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of his colleague, now Sir Benjamin Baker, from one by Mr. A. Bassano, of 25, Old Bond-street. The hydraulic riveting-machine by which, using the silver key to set it working, the Prince of Wales drove in the last rivet is one of the inventions of Sir William Arrol, the contractor.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Mr. Gladstone, recovered from his cold, resumed his seat in the House of Commons, literally like a giant refreshed, and soon signalled his restoration to health by delivering a marvellously vigorous speech on the Parnell Commission, full of eloquence and debating ability, and distinguished by sustained power truly extraordinary in a statesman over eighty years of age. Of this remarkable address more anon. The right hon. gentleman had scarcely reappeared in his place as Leader of the Opposition on the last day in February, when his worn face was wreathed in smiles by a rare occurrence—a joke from Sir George Campbell! The House was set roaring (and Mr. Gladstone joined in the mirth when Mr. John Morley whispered the point of the quip in his ear) by Sir George Campbell's strident notice of a motion for a "Territorial Standing Committee" to deal with that part of the country "commonly but erroneously called Scotland."

Gravity regained its sway over the expressive countenance of Mr. Gladstone a little later, when Mr. Labouchere, in Committee on the Estimates, not to be driven from his purpose by the Liberal "whips," rose to discuss an unsavoury case, and to charge the Prime Minister with aiding and abetting the escape of someone alleged to be incriminated. With characteristic skill and cogency did Mr. Labouchere put his case; and with equal ability did Sir Richard Webster, on behalf of the Government, vindicate his own action in the matter, and clear Lord Salisbury from the accusation of the hon. member. In vain Mr. Labouchere wrote down on a slip of paper the name of his informant and offered it to the Attorney-General. Relying on the Premier's written refutation, Sir Richard Webster declined to receive the slip of paper. Apparently nettled, Mr. Labouchere subsequently declared, "I do not believe Lord Salisbury," and, upon repeating this, was suspended from attendance for a week. It was a sorry end to an obviously objectionable discussion.

The Marquis of Salisbury, looking all the better for his bracing holiday near Bournemouth, seized the opportunity of his reappearance in the House of Lords, amid sympathetic cheers, on the Third of March, to make a candid statement, which completed the Ministerial answer to Mr. Labouchere's grave charge.

Many noble Lords then hastened to the House of Commons to secure places in the Peers' Gallery to hear Mr. Gladstone's criticism of the report of the Parnell Commission. The House generally was exceptionally full; and the signal inadequacy of its accommodation was uncomfortably brought home to hon. members. On such important occasions as this Lord Rosebery is usually a familiar figure in the small gallery set apart for Peers of the realm, but on that particular Monday evening the noble Earl was welcoming the Prince of Wales to Dalmeny. Mr. Smith did not appear to have the courage of his opinions, but spoke in a plaintive tone throughout, reading the greater part of his speech from the large sheets of paper on the box before him. The gist of Mr. Smith's argument in moving the following resolution was that, while the alleged Parnell letters were forgeries, true on the whole or in part were the allegations contained in the *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime," that the system of agitation adopted by the Parnellite Party was based on murder and crime and rapacity. Holding this to be the tenor of the report, Mr. Smith moved: "That Parliament having constituted a Special Commission to inquire into the charges and allegations made against certain members of Parliament and other persons, and the report of the Commissioners having been presented to Parliament, this House adopts the Report, and thanks the Commissioners for their just and impartial conduct in the matters referred to them; and orders that the said Report be entered on the journals of this House."

Seldom has the House heard of late a more effective or more damaging speech than that in which Mr. Gladstone replied to Mr. Smith. The Ministry must credit hon. members with short memories. With them, distance lends distortion to the view. Or they would hardly have the conscience to virtually condemn as seditious the Irish members, with whom prominent representatives of their party were "hand in glove" in 1885, when the first Salisbury Administration was sustained by the support of the Parnellites, and when, in the ensuing General Election, Irishmen throughout the country were officially recommended to vote for the Conservative candidates. This was one of Mr. Gladstone's strong points in censuring the Ministerial policy in accepting the report of the Parnell Commission. The right hon. gentleman, upright as a dart, resonant of voice, was in his best form. Agreeing or disagreeing with his views, no one could help admiring the rare oratorical force, the dialectical skill, historical research, and noble peroration of this wonderful speech, which lasted an hour and forty minutes, and was enthusiastically cheered by the Irish Nationalists, in the centre of whom sat their calm, pale, self-possessed leader, Mr. Parnell, whose character was so earnestly vindicated by the veteran Liberal chief. Mr. Gladstone moved that all the words after "House," in line 5 of the Ministerial motion, be left out, in order to add the words, "deems it to be a duty to record its reprobation of the false charges of the gravest and most odious description, based on calumny and on forgery, which have been brought against members of this House, and particularly against Mr. Parnell; and, while declaring its satisfaction at the exposure of these calumnies, this House expresses its regret for the wrong inflicted and the suffering and loss endured, through a protracted period, by reason of these acts of flagrant iniquity."

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Matthews, and other Ministers have, as ably as they could, defended the Government; but Mr. Gladstone's lucid speech has remained unequalled. That public opinion is not wholly with the Ministry in their Irish policy was indicated by the result of the North St. Pancras election on the Fourth of March, when Mr. T. H. Bolton, the Gladstonian candidate, and the Parliamentary representative of the division in 1885, was returned by a majority of 108 over Mr. H. R. Graham, the choice of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.

Sir Edgar Boehm has been commissioned to execute a bust of the late Earl Sydney for the Queen.

Lord Herschell is to be Captain of Deal Castle, in succession to the late Earl Sydney.

The marriage of Mr. Herbert Gardner, M.P., and Lady Winifred Byng, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon, took place on March 4, at the Church of St. Peter, Brighton. The bride was given away by her father, the bridegroom being accompanied by Mr. E. W. Hamilton as his best man.

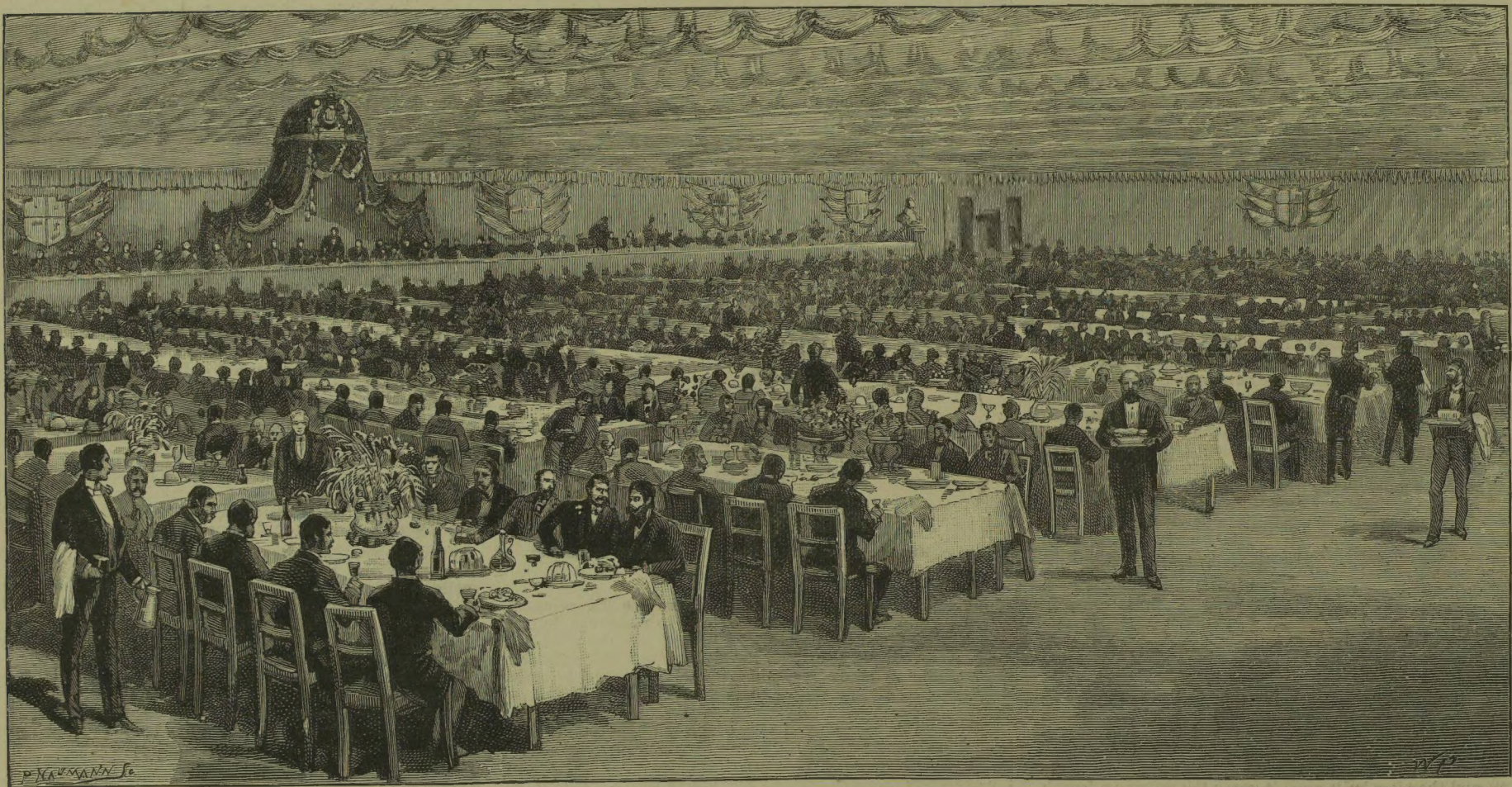
In the brief memoir of General Frome given in our last Number it was stated that in 1868 he acted under Sir John Burgoyne as Inspector-General of Fortifications, Director of Works, and Inspector-General of the Royal Engineers, whereas the passage should have run that he succeeded Sir John in those offices. A portrait of General Frome was given in this Paper at the time.



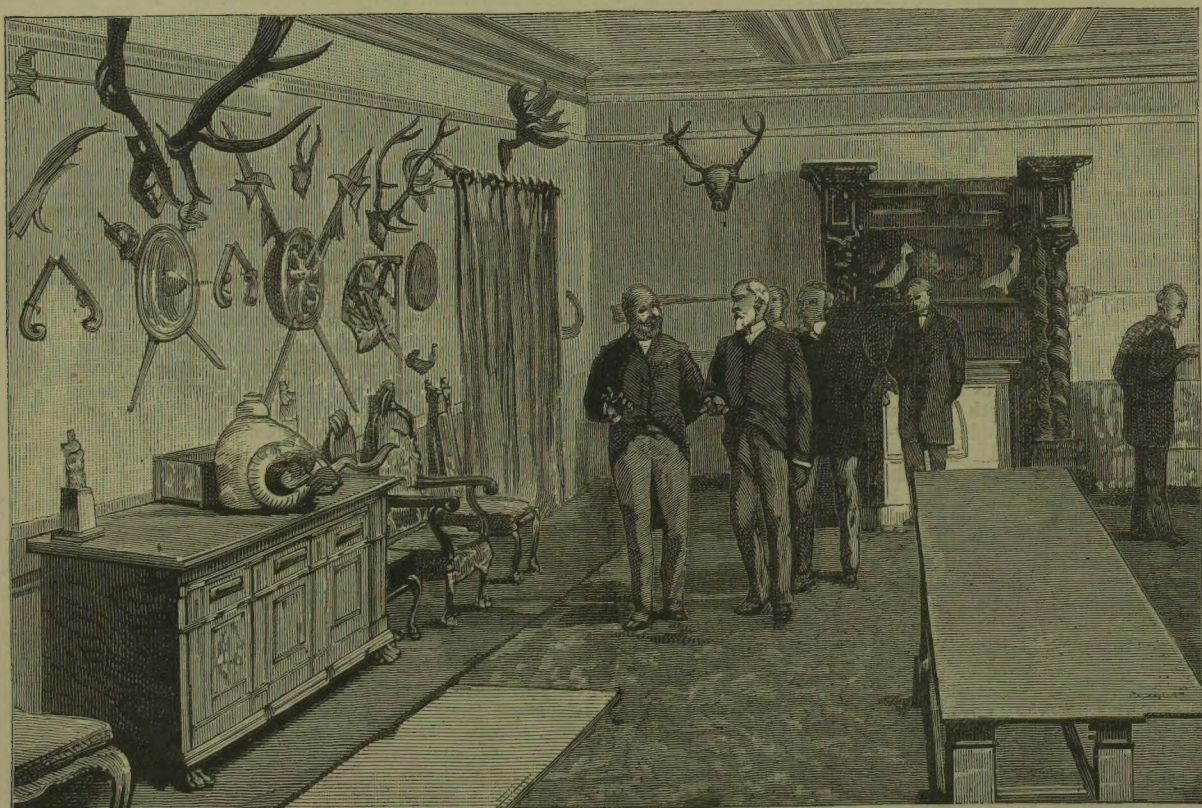
SIR JOHN FOWLER, BART., ENGINEER.



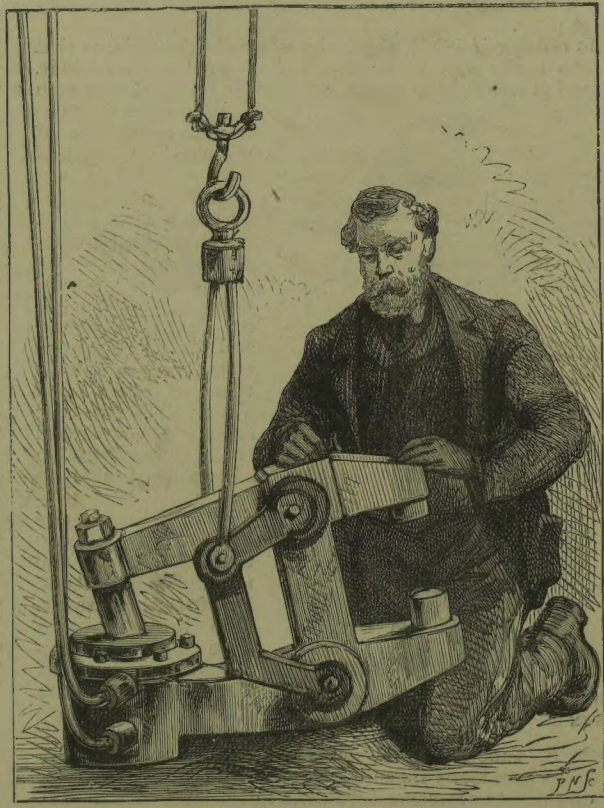
SIR BENJAMIN BAKER, ENGINEER.



LUNCHEON IN THE MODEL ROOM.



ROOM FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE ROYAL PARTY.

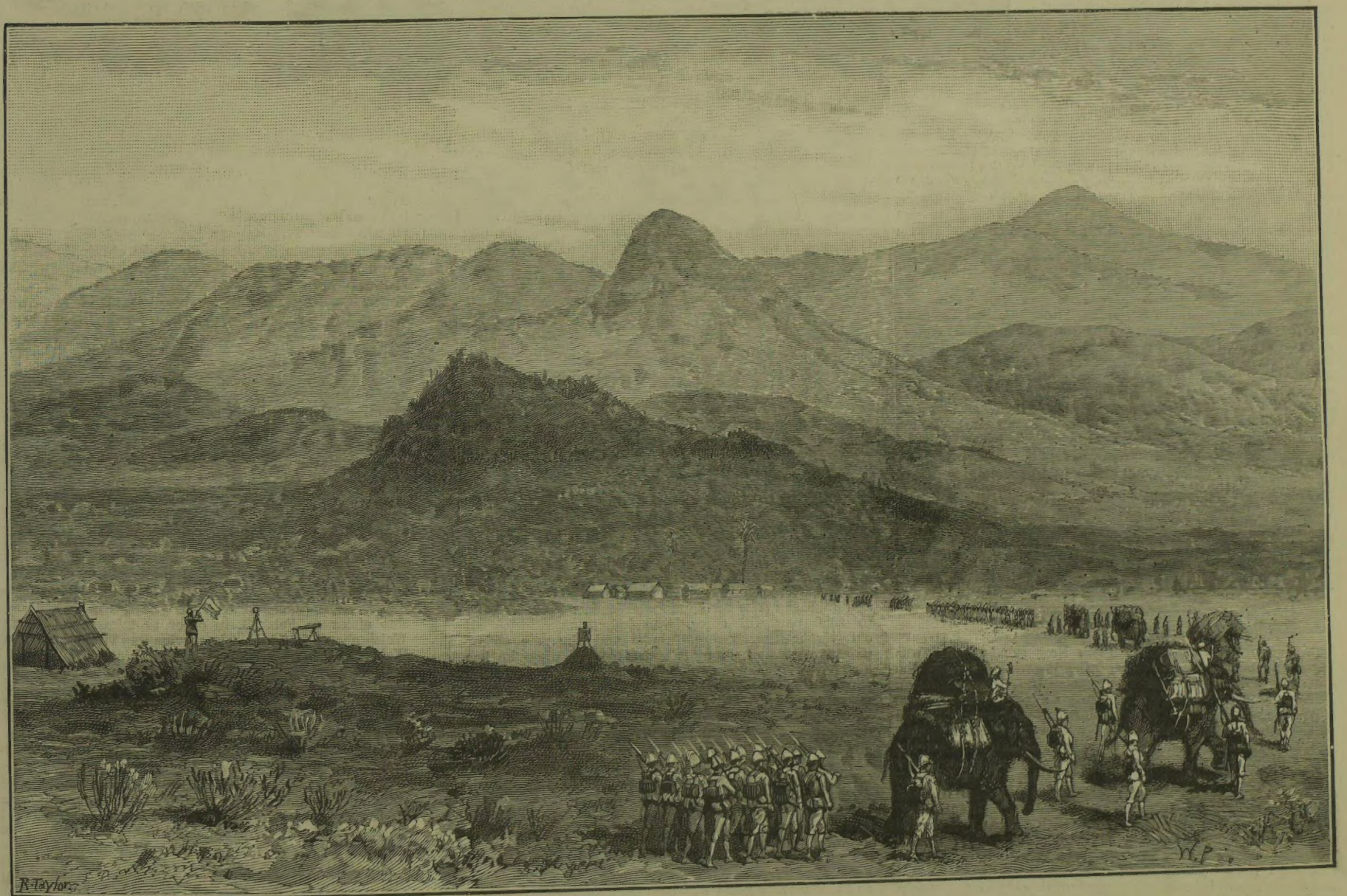


HYDRAULIC RIVETING MACHINE WITH WHICH THE LAST RIVET WAS PUT IN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE FORTH BRIDGE, COMPLETED AND OPENED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, MARCH 4.



CROSSING A RIVER NEAR KOLYMYO.



VIEW OF THE CHIN HILLS FROM KOLYMYO.

THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT W. HUSSEY WALSH, 1ST BATTALION CHESHIRE REGIMENT.

THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

It has been explained, with reference to our Illustrations of the military expedition sent from Calcutta, under Brigadier-Colonel Tregear, to the highlands above Chittagong, north-east of the Gulf of Bengal, that this force acts in co-operation with the forces conducted by Brigadier-General Symons from Burmah, on the opposite or eastern side of those highlands, having their base at Pokoko, and on the river Chindwin, a tributary of the Irrawaddy.

We now learn, by telegraph, that they met and formed a junction, near Haka, in the last week of February, occupying the country of the Southern Baungshe Chin tribes, whose Lushai allies have offered no material resistance to the advance of Brigadier Tregear's column from Demagiri; a military road will now be constructed and made secure between the coast of the Gulf of Bengal and the Irrawaddy; and General Symons will proceed to attack the Tashons, the most powerful and unruly tribe of the Chins in the Northern Baungshe country, who have been in the habit of raiding in the Burmese districts now under British protection. Their usual haunts are the hills bordering the Kubo valley, to the south of the Indian native State of Manipoor, but they make predatory incursions eastward as far as the Chindwin. The Tashons, whose ruler is a chief named Sonpek, and whose capital, Ywama, is a rather large village or town of two thousand houses, can muster ten thousand fighting men. Their neighbours, the Siyins, the Kanbaws, and the Bonshais, are equally hostile in disposition. All these Chins are of a race kindred to the Lushais, Shendus, and Kukis, who have often given much trouble on the Bengal frontier.

We have received two Sketches from a military correspondent, Lieutenant W. Hussey Walsh, of the Cheshire Regiment, a detachment of which, under Major Edge, forms part of the Northern Column under Colonel Skene, of the Burmese Chin expedition, with headquarters at Fort White. The crossing of the river Mitha, near Kolymyo, or Kaley Myew, with coolies landing stores from the boats, and officers taking account of the packages brought over, is the subject of one of these Sketches. The other Sketch is a view of the Chin hills, from the front of the Kolymyo camp, where a high railing of barbed iron wire has been erected for defence against a sudden rush. The summit of Kennedy's Peak, to the right hand, is 10,090 ft. high. Stockades are erected on the sides of the mountains, at heights of 3400 ft. and 7400 ft. Behind the centre of the background of hills is Fort White. In the foreground are seen a party of troops, the E Company of the 1st Battalion Cheshire Regiment, with baggage elephants, going to the front. To the left is the signalling-station, with the heliograph and telescope, and a soldier waving a flag.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The President of the French Republic and Madame Carnot gave, on Feb. 27, their second ball at the Elysée, which is to be the last of this season. The Senate have passed the second reading of M. Marcel Barthe's Press Bill, by a majority of 271 against 136. In the Chamber of Deputies, on March 3, a debate took place on an interpellation respecting the resignation of M. Constans. A vote of confidence in the Ministry was passed by 249 votes against 200, some 120 Deputies abstaining from voting.

A Bill for granting to the young Duke of Aosta an annual sum of 400,000 lire (about £16,000) has been passed by the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

The sittings of the German State Council in connection with the labour question were brought to a close on Feb. 28. The Emperor was indefatigable as chairman. The members of the Council and the Ministry of State were entertained by the Emperor at dinner on March 1. The Empress Frederick and her daughter Princess Margaret honoured Prince and Princess Bismarck with a visit at the Congress Hall on Feb. 27. Herr von Forckenbeck has been re-elected Chief Burgomaster of Berlin for a further term of twelve years.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet have adopted the Budget for 1890 by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Astor's will has been published in New York. He leaves 100,000 dollars to St. Luke's Hospital, and the same amount to the Cancer Hospital in New York, 400,000 dollars to the Astor Library, and a sum of 160,000 dollars is devoted to legacies to friends, charities, and various artistic and literary objects. The remainder of the enormous estate passes to the testator's son.—The House of Representatives have decided to accept Chicago as the site of the World's Fair to be held in America in 1892.—Severe storms are reported from many of the Eastern States of America, and the crops in some parts of Virginia have been destroyed.

After a warm Catholic opposition in the Dominion House of Commons, the Orange Incorporation Bill has passed its third reading by a majority of twenty-five.

From the decrees of the young Emperor of China which appear in the *Pekin Gazette*, it seems that he has entered on a career of energetic reform. He is inquiring into every department of the administration, and is issuing peremptory orders for the removal of abuses.

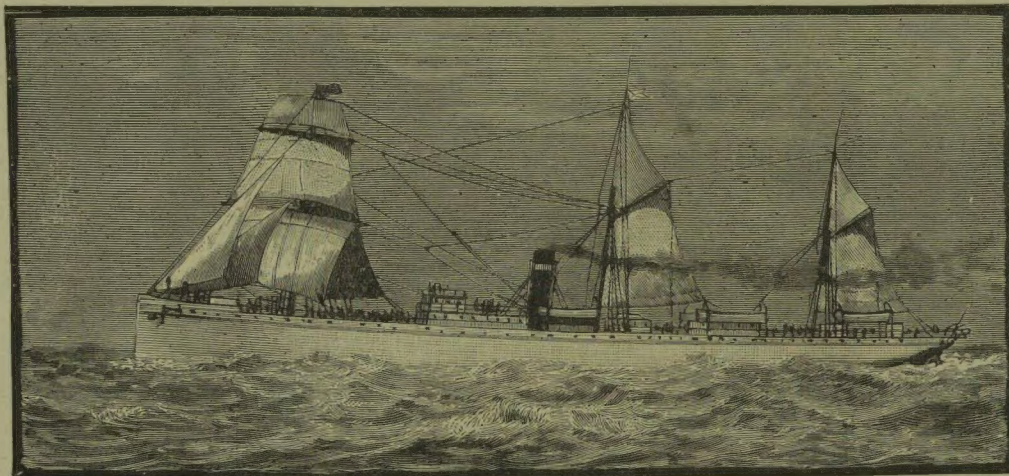
THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

The director of this society (148, New Bond-street) was happily inspired when, in view of the interest excited by the Japanese pictures exhibited here and at the British Museum, he commissioned Mr. Alfred East to go in search of Japanese subjects, and to give us the opportunity of contrasting old and new Japan and the impressions of native and English artists. It must be admitted that, on the whole, Mr. Alfred East has acquitted himself satisfactorily; and, what is perhaps of more general interest, we have in this exhibition, displayed for the first time, some of the leading features of Japanese life and landscape, without exaggeration or affectation of "Orientalism." Mr. East is a sober, practical painter, with a keen eye for the leading characteristics of a country which seems, in its physical features, to differ but little from our own, and of which the national types are rapidly giving place to Western ideas. Here and there are still to be found remnants of the old Shinto worship, with its red-lacque covered temples—as the "Gi-on Yashiro at Kiyoto" (64), which, with the evening sun falling on it (50), is one of the most striking incidents of Mr. East's pilgrimage. The Buddhist Temple (82) overlooking the Biwa Lake, and the scene of many an old Japanese legend, the gateway of the Temple of Shiba (78), and the great temple at Nikkō (41), where the great lawgiver, "the Light of the East," has his tomb, are all quaint and striking memorials of a far-off past, and we are glad to have them brought before our eyes.

Another peculiarity of Japanese civilisation which Mr. East has seized with the appreciation of an artist is the constant introduction of cherry-blossom, on the cultivation of which the Japanese expend wonderful care, obtaining every variety of colour from pearly white to deep red. In the early spring these cherry-trees give marvellous picturesqueness to the baths (74), the gateways of the temple (78), and the public gardens, where the children pelt each other with the blossoms known as "Snow in Spring" (24). Some of the views, such as that of the Yoshi-Wara (22), will recall Scotland; and others, like the Lake Biwa (14 and 18), the Norfolk broads on a sunny day. But we have nothing north or south of the Tweed to compare with the snow-capped triple summit of the magnificent Fuji-San, which towers over so large an extent of the southern island. Of this probably extinct volcano we have a variety of studies, taken at different seasons of the year, conveying admirable impressions of the constantly changing beauties of a scene which has, perhaps, no counterpart in any other part of the world. Mr. East's prolonged stay of eight months enabled him to study the country as well as its inhabitants, and that he turned his sojourn to profitable account this exhibition bears ample witness. There is scarcely a single sketch among the hundred and more which will not repay leisurely inspection and study; and, while recognising the debt which all interested in Japan must feel towards the traveller, it would be unjust to the artist not to recognise the talent he has displayed in recording his impressions, and turning to our profit, as well as to the advancement of his own reputation, the unique opportunities he has enjoyed. We must, in conclusion, express the hope that the lucky purchasers of Mr. East's works will allow them to remain for a somewhat longer time on view than is the custom at this gallery, and that the Fine Art Society will prolong to the utmost an exhibition of which it has every reason to be proud.

GREAT STEAMSHIP DISASTER, NORTH AUSTRALIA.

News telegraphed from Brisbane, Queensland, on Saturday, March 1, announced a terrible disaster at sea, with the loss of nearly 140 lives. The Quetta, a screw steamship of 2254 tons, belonging to the British India Steamship Company, on her way to Queensland by Torres Straits, struck on an unknown rock near Somerset, Cape York, on the north coast of Australia, and sank in a few minutes, her side being quite torn open. There were 282 persons on board, of whom 136



THE STEAMSHIP QUETTA, WRECKED IN TORRES STRAITS, NORTH AUSTRALIA.

were saved, including the captain, three of the officers, the purser, and five saloon passengers, one of them a lady. Fourteen or fifteen ladies perished, and twelve other saloon passengers, among them a brother and sister of Mr. Archer, the Agent-General for Queensland in London: about forty steerage passengers, with children, fifteen Englishmen of the crew, and some fifty Lascars and Javanese, are missing; but it is possible that some have got ashore on the neighbouring islands. The steamer Albatross has been sent to search for any who may have escaped when the Quetta sank. The chief officer, Mr. Gray, and Miss Lacy, a passenger, have thus been found living. We give an illustration of the ship, which is the first that has been lost in the Company's service. She was built in 1881, on the Clyde.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is pleasant to learn that good houses have rewarded Mrs. Langtry for her spirited revival of "As You Like It" at the St. James's, and to know the best interests of dramatic art are served by the well-merited success of the diverting comedy of "A Pair of Spectacles," in which Mr. Hare and Mr. Charles Groves act so well at the Garrick. The Grand Theatre at Islington, a favourite starting-place for provincial touring companies, was on the 3rd of March the scene of a noteworthy representation. A select few on that occasion renewed acquaintance with Mr. W. G. Wills's bardic, sombre play, "The Man o' Airlie," in which a faint replica of Robert Burns is the hero. This strong piece of Scottish characterisation, the creation of that admirable elocutionist and finished artist Mr. Hermann Vezin, was again entrusted to that powerful actor, who impersonated with all his old vigour the overtrustfulness and the sorrows of the peasant poet to whom fame comes too late, when he has lost his reason. "The Man o' Airlie" was performed by the company run by Miss Olive Stettin, a bright, good-looking actress, who enacted with spirit and naturalness the part of the poet's wife, and who was well supported by Mr. J. Carter, really excellent as the faithful and attached peasant friend of poor James Harebell.

While the unreasonable section of the London County Council has been framing a vexatious Bill to further interfere with the management of the music-halls, the conductors of the large smoking theatres, as they have been termed, judiciously seek to raise the standard of their entertainments, of which the spectacular ballet continues to be the chief staple. Mr. Saville Clarke, for instance, has written a powerful new dramatic poem on the Siege of Lucknow, for recitation; and this moving piece has been declaimed with rare spirit by Miss Amy Roselle at the Empire, amid warm applause. Vieing with the Empire, the Alhambra has engaged a popular operatic vocalist, Mdle. Annie Albu, a former star of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The step thus taken at this exceedingly popular Theatre of Varieties is the more appropriate, as Mr. Charles Morton, the experienced manager of the Alhambra, is the entrepreneur who first introduced the light music of Offenbach's lively operas to the London public on the music-hall stage many years ago.

THE TERRIER CLUB SHOW.

The sixth annual united show of the Terrier Club, the Collie Club, the Fox-Terrier Club, and the Toy Dog Club was held this year at the Central Hall, Holborn. There was a numerous collection of both smooth and wire fox-terriers, with a general evenness of merit. Messrs. Vicary's three-year-old bitch Vesuvienne, which had thrice before gained the challenge cup, was again the winner of the Fox-Terrier Club's prize for the best of the breed. The fifty-guinea challenge cup for the best wire fox-terrier went to the well-known champion Bushey Broom, bred by Mr. W. R. Mann, and recently acquired by Messrs. H. and G. Hopkins. The Society's medal for Dandie Dinmonts was won by Mr. G. A. B. Leatham's Heather Sandy, a former Crystal Palace champion. The show of dandies and Airedale terriers was unusually good, the entries being in excess of those at the Kennel Club's show. Mr. E. N. Deakin's champion, Newbold Test, carried off the honours in the Airedale classes. The medal given by the Schipperkes Club, Brussels, for the best dog or bitch of this breed in the show, was awarded to Mr. G. R. Krehl's Mephisto. The Old English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, bull, Bedlington, black-and-tan, and other terrier breeds were well represented.

A PATHAN SWORD-DANCE.

The Pathans are mountaineers of the Suliman ranges on the north-west frontier of India, a warlike race, supplying many recruits to regiments of irregular cavalry in the Punjab. When Prince Albert Victor of Wales, on Jan. 29, was the guest of the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, General Sir Frederick Roberts, in the Cavalry Camp at Muridki, his Royal Highness witnessed an exhibition of the wild sword-dance which these men are fond of performing at night, by the light of a fire burning on the ground. They are barefooted and stripped to the waist, and have more a savage than a soldierly aspect. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant E. Molynoux, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who formed the escort.

Several Illustrations of the fish-breeding establishment of Mr. Thomas Andrews, of Guildford, with some account of his operations, appeared in our Paper last week. One of the Sketches was incorrectly named as that of the process of applying the "milt" to the ova taken from the female fish. This is always done immediately, at the Haslemere ponds, taking the milt from the male fish, and could not be deferred until the ova are brought to the hatchery at Guildford. The operation that was shown in our Artist's Sketch was picking out the dead ova in the hatching-house.

A letter from Mr. Stanley has been received by the City Corporation stating that he expects to reach London between April 15 and 20.

Messrs. A. W. Bayes, W. Boucher, C. F. Robinson, and F. S. Walker have been elected members of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

St. David's Church, Glenadda, Bangor, has received a large stained-glass window, the gift of Mrs. Symes, the founder of the church. The work was executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

A testimonial, consisting of a piece of plate with engraved inscription and a cheque for £300, has been presented to the Rev. Professor D'Orsey, the presentation being made as a mark of approval of his useful and laborious services in the cause of education during the past sixty years.

A disastrous collision occurred early on March 4 at Carlisle to the Scotch express from Euston. Owing, apparently, to the slippery state of the rails, the brakes would not work properly, and the train passed through the station at great speed, coming into violent collision with an engine which was about 200 yards beyond. The two front carriages were telescoped, and four passengers, two men and two women, were instantaneously killed. About sixteen others were injured.

The Institute of Journalists have obtained their charter, and now propose to celebrate the event by a large gathering of the members in London.

Sir Morell Mackenzie was the plaintiff in two actions for libel in the Queen's Bench Division. In the first case, in which Mr. Edward Steinkopf, proprietor of the *St. James's Gazette*, was the defendant, the jury awarded £1500 damages. The second, which arose out of the same statements, and was directed against the proprietors of the *Times*, resulted in a settlement between the parties, an order being made by consent that £150 should be paid to the plaintiff, together with the taxed costs.

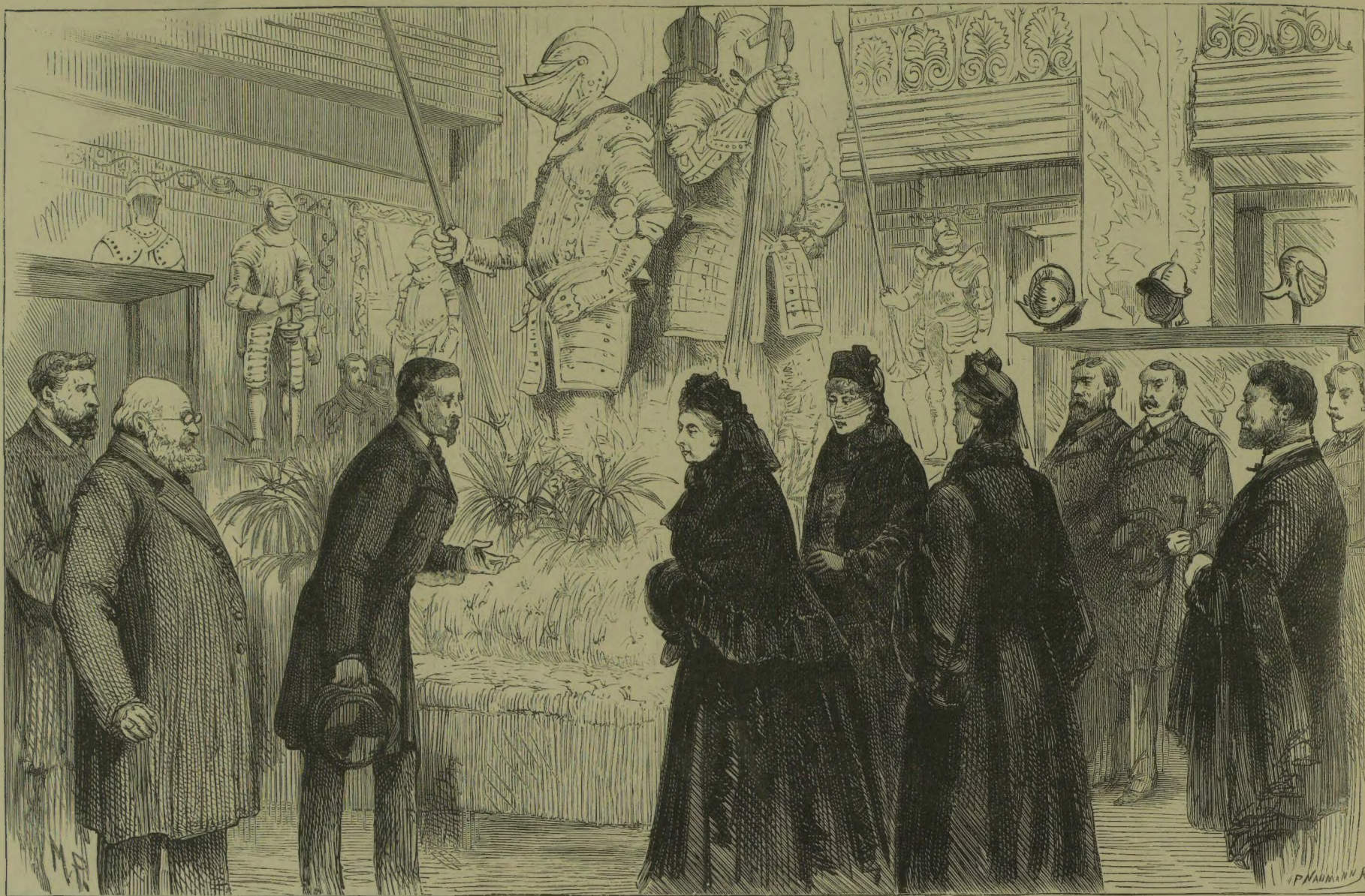
The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital was given on March 4 by Miss Ada Few and Mr. W. R. Few, assisted by a party of friends. The performance consisted of vocal and instrumental solos by Mrs. A. Wilcox, Miss G. I. Wright (violin, encored), Miss Ada Few, Mr. H. D. Truscott (encored), and Mr. W. R. Few (encored). These were assisted in a "Vocal Valse" and a "Toy Orchestra" by a number of ladies and gentlemen, whose names are too numerous to mention. These last items were loudly applauded and encored.

An enormous gathering of Welsh residents of the metropolis filled the body of St. Paul's Cathedral and thronged the side aisles on Feb. 28, in order to take part in a national Welsh choral festival. The service was throughout wholly in Welsh, the Rev. E. Killin-Roberts officiating. The first lesson was read by Sir John Puleston, M.P., and the second by the Dean of St. Asaph, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Bishop of St. Asaph. A choir consisting of 240 members, including the Welsh choir of All Saints', Margaret-street, had been specially trained by Mr. Dyffyd Lewis, who, with Madame Anne Williams and Mr. Evans, rendered the solo parts of the anthem.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, March 2, were: At ten, in choir, Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon; at three, Canon Prothero; at seven, in choir, Rev. A. W. Robinson, of All Hallows, Barking. For the rest of the month the preachers are: Sunday, 9th, at ten, in choir, Rev. Gordon Calthorp, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury; at seven, in choir, Rev. A. Gerald Bowman, Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington. Sunday, 16th, at ten, in choir, Rev. A. Gerald Bowman, Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington; at seven, in choir, Rev. James Robertson, Head Master of Haileybury College. Sunday, 23rd, at ten, in choir, Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; at seven, in choir, Rev. E. Hoskyns, Rector of Stepney; Sunday, 30th, at ten, in choir, Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton, Minor Canon; at seven, in choir, Rev. R. E. Bartlett, late Bampton Lecturer at Oxford. Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean), as Canon in residence, will preach every Sunday in the choir at three p.m.



NATURE'S FITFUL MOMENTS: SKETCHES AT THE TERRIER CLUB SHOW.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.



PATHAN SWORD-DANCE BEFORE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT THE CAVALRY CAMP, MURIDKI, INDIA.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

It was a note on the contents of the parcel, written by the owner.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

CONSIDER: the Roseveans, from father to son, had been from time immemorial wreckers, smugglers, and pilots. They were also farmers. On their little farm they grew nearly enough to support their simple lives. They had pigs and poultry; they had milch-cows; they had a few sheep; they kept geese, pigeons, ducks; they made their own beer and their own cordials and strong waters; they made their own linen; they were unto themselves millers, tinkers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, builders, and thatchers. They grew their own salads and vegetables; and if they wanted any fruit they grew that as well. Oats and barley they grew, clover and hay. I believe that on Samson wheat has never been grown—indeed, there are only eighty acres in all. There was left, therefore, little to buy. Coals, wood for fuel and for carpentering, things in iron, crockery, tools, cloth clothes, flannel, flour, and sometimes a little beef—what else did they want? As for fish, they had only to catch as much as they wanted. Tea, coffee, sugar, and so forth came in with later civilisation, when small ale, possets, and hyspy died out.

In order to provide these small deficiencies they were pilots, to begin with. This trade brought in a steady income. They also sent out boats, filled with fresh vegetables, to meet the homeward-bound East Indiamen. And they were also, like the rest of the artless islanders, wreckers and smugglers.

In the former capacity they occasionally acquired an extraordinary quantity of odd and valuable things. In the latter profession they made at times, and until the Peace and the Preventive Service put an end to the business, a really fine income.

Then, on Samson, they continued to live after the patriarchal fashion and in the old simplicity. Each Captain Rosevean in turn was the chieftain or sheik. To him his family brought all that they earned or found. The sea-chest took it all. For three hundred years, at least, this sea-chest received everything and gave up nothing. Nobody ever took anything out of it: nobody looked into it: nobody knew, until Ursula counted the money and made bags for it, what there was in the chest. Nobody ever asked if they were rich or how rich they were.

There was no bank on Samson: there is not even now a bank in the Scilly archipelago at all: nobody understood any other way of saving money than the good, old fashion of putting it by in a bag. On Samson there never were thieves, even when as many as fifty people lived on the island. Therefore the Captain Rosevean of the time, though he knew not how much was saved, nor did he ever inquire, laid the last additions to the pile in the tray of the old sea-chest with the rest, and, having locked it up, dropped the key in his pocket, and went about his business in perfect confidence, never thinking either that it might be stolen, or that he might count up

his hoard, proceed to enjoy it, and alter his simple way of life. Every Captain Rosevean in succession added to that hoard every year; not one among them all thought of spending it or taking anything from it. He added to it. Nobody ever counted it until the reign of Ursula. It was she who made the little brown bags of canvas: she, usurping the place of Family Chief or Sheik, took from her sons and grandsons all the money that they made. They gave it over to her keeping—she was the Family Bank. And, like her predecessors in that room, she told no one of the hoard.

Most of the bags contained guineas of George I., George II., and George III., down to the year 1816, when the Mint left off coining guineas. A few contained sovereigns of later date; but the family savings since that year had been small and uncertain. The really fat time—the prosperous time—when the money poured in, was during the long war which lasted for nearly five-and-twenty years.

There were actually forty of these bags. Armored laid them out upon the table and counted them. Forty! And each bag to all appearance, for she only counted two, containing five hundred guineas or pounds. Forty times five hundred—that makes twenty thousand pounds, if all were sovereigns! There are, I am told, a few young ladies in this country who have as much as twenty thousand pounds for their dot. There are also a great many young

ladies in France, and an amazing multitude, whom no man may number, in the United States of America, who have as much. But I am quite sure that not one of these heiresses, except Armored herself, has ever actually gazed upon her fortune in a concrete form—tangible—to be counted—to be weighed—to be admired. It is a pity that they cannot do this, if only because they would then see for themselves what a very small pile of gold a fortune of twenty thousand pounds actually makes. This would make them humble. Armored stood looking at the table thus laden with bewildered eyes.

"I have got," she murmured, "twenty thousand sovereigns and guineas at least: I have got a painted pot full of old money. I have got six punch-bowls, a great silver ship, a large number of silver candlesticks and cups: I have got a silver-mounted hourglass"—its sand was now nearly run—"I have got a great quantity of lace and silk. I suppose all this does make riches. Whatever shall I do with it? Shall I give it to the poor? or shall I put it back into the box and leave it there? But perhaps there is something else in the box."

The chest, in fact, continued to call aloud to be examined. Even while Armored looked at her glittering treasures spread out upon the table she felt herself drawn towards the chest. There was more in it. There was another Surprise waiting for her—even a greater Surprise, perhaps, than that of the bags of gold. "Search me!" cried the chest. "Search me! Look into the innermost recesses of me: explore my contents to the very bottom: let nothing escape your eyes."

Armored knelt down before the chest and took out the tray. It was empty now, and she could lift it easily.

Beneath the tray there was a most miscellaneous collection of things.

They lay in layers, separated and divided—Ursula's hand was here—by silk handkerchiefs of the good old kind—the bandanna, now gone out of fashion.

First Armored took out and laid on the floor a layer of silver spoons, silver ladles, even silver dishes, all of antique appearance and for the most part stamped with a crest or a coat-of-arms: for in the old days if a man was Armiger he loved to place his shield on everything; to look at it and glory in it: to let others see it and envy it.

Then she found a layer of watches. There were gold watches and silver watches; the latter of all kinds, down to the veritable turnip. The glasses were broken of nearly all, and, if one had examined, the works would have been found rusted with the sea-water which had got in. What were they worth now? Perhaps the value of the cases and of the jewels with which the works were set, and more with one or two, where miniatures adorned the back and jewels were set in the face. Armored turned with impatience from the watches to the gold chains, which lay beside them. There were yards of gold chain: gold chains of all kinds, from the heavy English make to the dainty interlaced Venetian and thread-like Trichinopoly; there were silver chains also—massive silver chains, made for some extinct office-bearer, perhaps bo's'n on the Admiral's ship of the Great Armada. Armored drew up some of the chains and played with them, tying them round her wrists and letting them slip through her fingers—the pretty delicate things, which spoke of wealth almost as loudly as the bags of guineas.

She laid them aside, and took up a silk handkerchief containing a small collection of miniatures. They were almost all portraits of women, young and pretty women—ladies on land whose faces warmed the hearts and fired the memories of men at sea. The miniatures had hung round the necks of some and had lain in the sea-chests of others, whose bones had long since melted to nothing in the salt sea-depths, while those of their mistresses had turned to dust beneath the aisle of some village church, their memory long since forgotten, and their very name trampled out by the feet of the rustics.

Armored laid aside these pictures—they were very pretty, but she would look at them again another time.

The next parcel was a much larger one. It consisted of snuff-boxes. There were dozens of snuff-boxes: one or two of gold: one or two silver-gilt: some silver. In the lids of some were pictures, some most beautifully and delicately executed, some of subjects which Armored did not understand—and why, she thought, should painters draw people without proper clothes? Venus and the Graces and the Nymphs in whom our eighteenth-century ancestors took such huge delight were to this young person merely people. The snuff-boxes were very well in their way, but Armored had no inclination to look at them again.

Then she found in a handkerchief, the four corners of which were loosely tied together, a great quantity of rings. There were rings of every kind—the official ring or the ring of office, the signet ring, the ring with the shield, the ring with the name of a ship, the ring with the name of a regiment, mourning rings, wedding rings, betrothal rings, rings with posies, cramp rings with the names of the Magi on them—but their power was gone—gimmal rings, rings episcopal, rings barbaric, mediæval, and modern, rings set with every kind of precious stone—there were hundreds of rings. All drowned sailors used to have rings on their fingers.

Armored began to get tired of all these treasures. Beneath them, however, at the bottom of the box, lay piled together a mass of curios. They were stowed away for the most part in small boxes, of foreign make and appearance, ivory boxes, carved wood boxes. They consisted of all kinds of things, such as gold and silver buckles, brooches, painted fans, jewel-hilted daggers, crystal tubes of attar of roses, and knives of curious construction. The girl sighed: she would look over them at another time. They would, perhaps, add something to the inheritance, but for the moment she was satisfied. She had seen enough. She was putting back a dagger whose jewelled handle flashed in the unaccustomed light, when she saw, lying half hidden among this pile of curious things, the corner of a chagreen case. This attracted her curiosity, and she took it out. The chagreen had been green in colour, but was now very much discoloured. It had been fastened by a silver clasp, but this was broken: a small leather strap was attached to two corners. Armored expected to find another bag of money. But this did not contain gold. It was lighter than the canvas bags. As she took it into her hands she remembered the bag of Robert Fletcher. Yes. The leathern strap of this case had been cut through. She held in her hands—she was certain—the abominable thing that had brought so much trouble on the family. Again the room felt ghostly: she heard voices whispering: the voices of all those who had been drowned: the voices of the women who had mourned for them: the voice of the old lady who was herself a witness of the crime. They all whispered together in her ears: "Armored, you must find him. You must give it back to him."

What was in it? The clasp acted no longer. Armored lifted the overlapping leather and looked within. There was a thick roll of silk. She took this out. Wrapped up in the silk, laid in folds, side by side, were a quantity of stones—common-looking stones, such as one may pick up, she thought, on the beach of Porth Bay. There were a couple of hundred or more, mostly small stones, only one or two of them bigger than the top of Armored's little finger.

"Only stones!" she cried. "All this trouble about a bag full of red stones!"

Among the stones lay a small folded paper. Armored opened it. The paper was discoloured by age or by water, and most of the writing was effaced. But she could read some of it.

"... from the King of Burmah himself. This ruby I estimate to be worth . . . 000*l.* at the very least. The other . . . Mines. The second largest stone weighs . . . about 2000*l.* The smaller . . . rt Fletcher."

It was a note on the contents of the parcel, written by the owner.

The stones, therefore, were rubies, uncut rubies. Armored knew little about precious stones and jewels, but she had heard and read of them. The price of a virtuous woman, she knew, was far above rubies. And Solomon's fairest among women was made comely with rows of jewels. Queen Sheba, moreover, brought precious stones among her presents to the Wise King. The girl wondered why such common-looking objects as these should be precious. But she was humbly ignorant, and put that wonder by.

This, then, was nothing less than Robert Fletcher's fortune. He had this round his neck, and he was bringing it home to enjoy. And it was taken from him by her ancestor. A wicked thing indeed! A foul and wicked thing! And the poor man had been sent empty away to begin his life all over again. She shivered as she looked at them. All for the sake of these dull, red bits of stone! How can man so easily fall into temptation? In the empty room, so quiet, so ghostly, she heard again the whispers, "Armored, find him—find the man—and give him back his jewels."

She replied aloud, not daring to look round her lest she should see the pale and eager faces of those who had suffered death by drowning in consequence of this sin, "Yes—yes, I will find him! I will find him!"

She pushed the chagreen case back into its corner and covered it up. "I will find him," she repeated. Then she rose to her feet and looked about the room. Heavens! What a sight! The bags of gold, two of them open, their contents lying piled upon the table—the chains of gold on the floor—the handful of old gold coins lying on the table beside the Black Jack, the snuff-boxes, the miniatures, the punch-bowls, the rings, the silver cups—the low room, dark and quiet, filled with ghosts and voices, the recent occupant wagging her shoulders and shaking the back of her bonnet at her from the opposite wall, and, through the open window, the sight of the sunlight on the apple-blossoms mocking the gold and silver in this gloomy cave. She comprehended, as yet, little of the extent of her good fortune. Lace and silk, rings and miniatures, snuff-boxes—all these things had no value to her—of buying and selling she had no kind of experience. All she understood was that she was the possessor of a vast quantity of things for which she could find no possible use—one jewelled dagger, for instance, might be used for a dinner-knife or for a paper-knife; but what could she do with a dozen? In addition to this museum of pretty and useless things she had forty bags with five hundred guineas, or pounds, in each—twenty-one thousand pounds—say—in cash. This museum was perfectly unique: no family in Great Britain had such a collection. It had been growing for more than three hundred years: it was begun in the time of the Tudor Kings, at least, perhaps even earlier. Wrecks there were, and Roseveans, on Samson, before the seventh Henry. I doubt if any other family, even the oldest and the noblest, has been collecting so long. Certainly no other family, even in this archipelago of wrecks, can have had such opportunities of collecting with such difficulties in dissipating. For more than three hundred years! And Armored was sole heiress!

She understood that she had inherited something more than twenty thousand pounds—how much more, she knew not. Now, unless one knows something of the capacities of one single pound, one cannot arrive at the possibilities of twenty thousand pounds. Armored knew as much as this. Tea at Hugh Town costs two shillings a pound—perhaps two-and-four—sugar three pence a pound: nun's cloth so much a yard—serge and flannel so much: coals, so much a ton: wood for fuel, so much. This was nearly the extent of her knowledge: and it must be confessed that it goes very little way towards a right comprehension of twenty thousand pounds.

Once, again, she had heard Justinian talking of the flower-farm. "It has made," he said, "four hundred pounds this year, clear." To which Dorcas replied, "And the house-keeping doesn't come to half that, nor near it." Whence, by the new light of this Great Surprise, she concluded, first, that the other two hundred, thus made, must have been added to those money-bags, and, next, that two hundred pounds a year would be a liberal allowance for her whole yearly expenditure. Then she made a little calculation. Two hundred pounds a year—two hundred into twenty thousand—twenty thousand—one and four oughts—she put five bags in a row for the number—subtract two—she did so—there remained two—divide by two—she did so—one hundred years was the result of that sum. Her twenty thousand pounds would therefore last her exactly one hundred years. At the expiration of the century all would be gone. For the first time in her life, Armored comprehended the fleeting nature of riches. And, naturally, the discovery, though she shivered at the thought of losing all, made her feel a little proud. A strange result of wealth, to advance the inheritor one more step in the knowledge of possible misery! She was like unto the curious youth who opens a book of medicine, only to learn of new diseases and terrible sufferings and alarming symptoms, and to imagine these in his own body of corruption. In a hundred years there would be no more. She would then be reduced to sell the lace and the other things for what they would then be worth. There would still, however, remain the flower-farm. She would, after all, be no worse off than before the Great Surprise. And then there sprang up in her heart the blossom of another thought, to be developed, later on, into a lovely flower.

She had risen from her knees now, and was standing beside the table, vaguely gazing upon her inheritance. It was all before her. So the Ancient Lady had stood many and many a time counting the money: looking to see if all was safe: content to count it and to know that it was there. The old lady was gone, but from the opposite wall her shoulders and the back of her bonnet were looking on.

Well! Armored might go on doing exactly the same. She might live as her forefathers had lived: there was the flower-farm to provide all their necessities: if it brought in four hundred pounds a year, she could add two hundred to the heap—in every two years and a half another bag of five hundred sovereigns. All her people had done this—why not she? It seemed expected of her; a plain duty laid upon her shoulders. If she were to live on for eighty years longer—which would bring her to her great-great-grandmother's age—she would save eighty times two hundred—sixteen thousand pounds. The inheritance would then be worth thirty-six thousand pounds—a prodigious sum of money indeed. And, besides, the Black Jack, with its foreign gold, and the rings and lace and things!

A strange room it was this morning. What voice was it that whispered solemnly in her ear, "Lay not up for yourselves

treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal?"

Never before had this injunction possessed any other significance to her than belongs to one manifestly addressed to other people. The Bible is full of warnings addressed to other people. Armored was like the Royal Duke who used to murmur during the weekly utterance of the Commandments, "Never did that. Never did that." Now, this precept was clearly and from the very first intended to meet her own case. Oh! To live for nothing than to add more bags to that tray in the great sea-chest!

Roland had prophesied that there would be a change. It had come already in part, and more was coming.

What next? As yet the girl did not understand that she was mistress of her own fate. Hitherto things had been done for her. She was now about to act for herself. But how? If Roland were only here! But he had only written once, and he had never kept his promise to write back again to Samson. If he were here he could advise.

She looked around, and saw the heaps of things that were all hers, and she laughed. The girl whom Roland thought to be only an ignorant and poor little country girl, a flower-farmer's girl of Samson Island, living alone with her old grandmother and the serving-folk, was ignorant still, no doubt. But she was not poor; she was rich—she could have all that can be bought with money—she was rich. What would Roland say and think? And she laughed aloud.

She was rich—the last girl in the world to hope, or expect, or desire riches. Thus Fate mocks us, giving to one, who wants it not, wealth: and to another, who knows not how to use it, youth: and to a third, insensible of its power, beauty. The young lady of society, she whom the good old hymns used to call the Worldling—fond and pretty title! there are no Worldlings now—would have had no difficulty in knowing how to use this wonderful windfall. She, indeed, is always longing, perhaps praying for money: she is always thinking how delightful it would be to be rich, and how there is nothing in the whole world more desirable than much fine gold. But to Lady Worldling, poor thing! such a windfall never happens. Again, there are all the distressed gentlewomen, the unappreciated artists, the authors whose books won't sell, the lawyers who have no clients, the wives whose name is Quiverful, the tradesman who 'scapes the Bankruptcy Court year after year by the skin of his teeth, and the poor dear young man who pines away because he cannot join the rabble rout of Comus—why, why does not such a windfall ever come to any of these? It never does: yet they spend all their spare time—all the time when they ought to be planning and devising ways and means of advancement—in dreaming of the golden days they would enjoy, if only such a windfall fell to them. One such man I knew: he dreamed of wealth all his life: he tried to become rich by taking every year a share in a foreign lottery. Of course, he never won a prize. While he was yet young and even far down the shady or outer slope of middle age he continually built castles in the air, fashioning pleasant ways for himself when he should get that prize. When he grew old, he dreamed of the will he would make and of the envy with which other old men, when he was gone, should regard the memory of one who had cut up so well. So he died poor; but I think he had always, through his dreaming, been as happy as if he had been rich.

Armored told herself, standing in the midst of this great treasure, that she was rich. Roland had once told her, she remembered, that an artist ought to have money in order to be free: only in freedom, he said, could a man make the best of himself. What was good for an artist might be good for her. At the same time—it is not for nothing that a girl reads and ponders over the Gospels—there were terrible words of warning—there were instances. She shuddered, overwhelmed with the prospects of new dangers.

She knew everything: the room had yielded all its secrets: there were no more cupboards, boxes, or drawers. The sight of the treasures already began to pall upon her. She applied herself to putting everything back. First the chagreen case. This she laid carefully in its corner among the daggers and pistols, remembering that she had promised to find the owner. How should she do that if she remained on Samson? Then she put back the snuff-boxes, the miniatures, and the watches in their silk handkerchiefs: then the box of rings and the silver spoons and dishes. Then she put the tray in its place and laid the bags in the tray, and locked the old sea-chest. This done, she bore back to the shelves in the cupboard the punch-bowls, candlesticks, tankards, and the big silver ship: she locked and double-locked the cupboard-door: she crammed the lace into the drawers, and put back the box of trinkets.

Then she dropped the keys in her pocket. Oh! what a lump to carry about all day long! But the weight of the keys in her pocket was nothing to the weight that was laid upon her shoulders by her great possessions. This, however, she hardly felt at first.

Everything was her own. When the new King comes to the throne he makes a great clearance of all the personal belongings of the old King. He gives away his cloaks and his uniforms, and all the things belonging to the daily life of his predecessor. That is always done. Therefore, Queen Armored—Vivat Regina!—at this point gathered together all her predecessor's belongings. She turned them out of the drawers and laid them on the floor—with the great bonnet and the wonderful cap of ribbons. And then she opened the door. She would give these things to Dorcas. Her great-great-grandmother should have no more authority there. Even her clothes must go. If her ghost should remain—it should be without the bonnet and the cap.

She called Dorcas, who came, curious to know how her young mistress took the Great Surprise. Armored had taken it, apparently, as a matter of course. So the new King stands upon the highest step of the Throne, calm and collected; as if he had been prepared for this event, and was expecting it day after day.

"You know all now, dearie?" she whispered, shutting the door carefully. "Did you find everything?"

"Yes—I believe I found everything."

"The silver in the cupboard: the lace: the bags of gold?"

"I think I have found everything, Dorcas."

"Then you are rich, my dear. No Rosevean before you was ever half so rich. For none of it has been spent. They've all gone on saving and adding—almost to the last she saved and added. Oh! the last thing she lost was the love of saving, and the jealousy of her keys she never lost. Oh! you are very rich—you are the richest girl in the whole of Scilly—not even in St. Mary's is there anyone who can compare with you. Even the Lord Proprietor himself—I hardly know."

"Yes. I believe I must be very rich," said Armored. "Dorcas, you kept her secret. Keep mine as well. Let no one know."

"No one shall know, dearie—no one. But lock the door. Keep the door locked always."

"I will. Now, Dorcas, here are all her dresses and things. You must take them all away and keep them. They are for you."

"Very well, dearie. Though how I'm to wear black silk—"

Oh! Child," she cried, out of the religious terrors of her soul—"it is written that it is harder for a rich man to enter into heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. My dear, if these great riches are to drag your soul down into hell, it would be better if they were all thrown into the sea, the silver punch-bowls and the bags of gold and all. But there's one comfort. It doesn't say, impossible. It only says, harder. So that now and then, perhaps, a rich man may wriggle in—just one—and oh! I wish, seeing the number of rich people there are in the world, that there'd been shown one camel—only a single camel—going through the needle's eye. Think what a miracle! 'T would have brought conviction to all who saw it, and consolation ever afterwards to all who considered it—oh! the many thousands of afflicted souls who are born rich! You are not the only one, child, who is rich through no fault of her own. Often have I told Justinian, thinking of her, and he not knowing or suspecting, but believing I was talking silly, that, considering the warnings and woes pronounced against the rich, we cannot be too thankful. But don't despair, my dear—it is nowhere said to be impossible. And there's the rich young man, to be sure, who was told to sell all that he had and to give to the poor. He went away sorrowful. You can't do that, Armored, because there are no poor on Samson. And it's said, 'Woe unto you that are rich, for you have had your consolation!' Well—but if your money never is your consolation, and I'm sure I don't know what it is going to console you for, that doesn't apply to you—does it? There's the story of the Rich Man, again—and there's texts upon texts, when you come to think of them. You will remember them, child, and they will be your warnings. Besides, you are not going to waste and riot like a Prodigal Son, and where your earthly treasure is there you will not set your heart. You will go on like all the Rosevears before you: and though the treasure is kept locked up, you will add to it every year out of your savings, just as they did."

"There is another parable, Dorcas. I think I ought to remember that as well. It is that of the Talents. If the man who was rich with Five Talents had locked them up, he would not have been called a good and faithful servant."

"Yes, dearie, yes. You will find some Scripture to comfort and assure your soul, no doubt. There's a good deal in Scripture. Something for all sorts, as they say. Though, after all, riches is a dangerous thing. Child! if they knew it over at St. Mary's, not a young man in the place but would be sailing over to Samson to try his luck. Our secret, child, all to ourselves."

"Yes; our secret, Dorcas. And now take away all these things, everything that belonged to her—there are her shoes, take them too. I want the room to be all my own. So."

When all the things were gone, Armored closed and locked the door. Then she ran out of the house gasping, for she choked. Everything was turned into gold. She gasped and choked and ran out over the hill and down the steps and across the narrow plain, and up the northern hill, hoping to drive some of the ghosts from her brain, and to shake off some of the bewildering caused by the Great Surprise. But a good deal remained, and especially the religious terrors suggested by that pious Bryanite Christian and Divider of the Word, Dorcas Tryeth.

When she sat down in the old place upon the eam, the great gulf between herself and Bryher island reminded her of that great gulf in the parable. How if she should be the Rich Man sitting for ever and for ever on the red-hot rock, tormented with pain and thirst—and how if on Samson Hill beyond she should see Abraham himself, the patriarch, with Lazarus lying at his feet—as yet she had developed no Lazarus—but who knows the future? The Rich Man must have been a thoughtless and selfish person. Until now the parable never interested her at all: why should it? She had no money.

The other passages, those which Dorcas had kindly quoted in this her first hour of wealth, came crowding into her mind, and told her they were come to stay. All these texts she had previously classed with the denunciations of sins the very meaning of which she knew not. She had no concern with such wickedness. Nor could she possibly understand how it was that people, when they actually knew that they must not do such things, still went on doing them. Now, however, having become rich herself, all the warnings of the New Testament seemed directed against herself. Already, the load of wealth was beginning to weigh upon her young shoulders.

She changed the current of her thoughts. Even the richest girl cannot be always thinking about woes and warnings. Else she would do nothing, good or bad. She began to think about the outer world. She had been thinking of it constantly ever since Roland left her. Now, as she looked across the broad Roadstead, and remembered that thirty miles beyond Telegraph Hill rose the cliffs where the outer world begins—they can be seen in a clear day—a longing, passionate and irresistible, seized her. She could go away now, whenever she pleased. She could visit the outer world and make the acquaintance of the people who live in it.

She laughed, thinking how Justinian, who had never been beyond St. Mary's, pictured, as he was fond of doing, the outer world. The Sea of Tiberias was to him the Road: the Jordan was like Grinsey Sound: the steep place down which the swine fell into the sea was like Shipman's Head: the Sermon on the Mount took place on just such a spot as the eam of the North Hill on Samson, with the sun shining on the Western Islands: the New Jerusalem in his mind was a city consisting of one long street with stone houses, roofed with slate; each house two storeys high, a door in the middle, and one window on each side. On the north side of the New Jerusalem was the harbour, with the ships, the sea-shore, and the open sea beyond: on the south side was a bay with beaches of white sand and black rocks at the entrance, exactly like Porth Cressa. And it was a quiet town, with seldom any noise of wheels, and always the sound of the sea lapping on either hand, north or south.

Now, there was nothing to keep her: she could go to visit the outer world whenever she pleased—if only she knew how. A girl of sixteen can hardly go forth into the wide, wide world all alone, announcing to the four corners her desire to make the acquaintance of everybody and to understand anything.

And then she began to remember her teacher's last instructions. The perfect girl was one who had trained her eye and her hand: she could play one instrument well: she understood music: she understood art: she was always gracious, sympathetic, and encouraging: she knew how to get their best out of men: she was always beautifully dressed: she had the sweetest and the most beautiful manners.

And here she blushed crimson, and then turned pale, and felt a pang as if a knife had pierced her very heart. For a dreadful thought struck her. She thought she understood at last the true reason why Roland never came back, though he promised, and looked so serious when he promised.

Why? why? Because she was so ill-mannered. Of course that was the reason. Why did Roland speak so strongly about the perfect girl's gracious and sympathetic manners, unless to make her understand, in this kindly and thoughtful way, how much was wanting in herself? Of course, he only

looked upon her as a common country girl, who knew nothing, and would never learn anything. He wanted her to understand that—to feel that she would never rise to higher levels. He drew this picture of the perfect girl to make and keep her humble. Nay, but now she had this money—all this wealth—now—now—She sprang to her feet and threw out her arms, the gesture that she had learned I know not where. "Oh!" she cried, "it is the gift of the Five Talents! I am not the rich young man. I have not received these riches for my consolation. They are my Five Talents. I will go away and learn—I will learn. I will become the perfect girl. I will train eye and hand. I will grow—grow—grow—to my full height. That will be true work in the service of the giver of those Talents. I shall become a good and faithful servant when I have risen to the stature that is possible for me!"

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, F P (Ravenswood Park).—There is some mistake in the number you give of the problem proposed to be solved. In No. 230 the only pawn White has can go to Q 3rd, and nowhere else. We may add that your solution does not apply to any problem recently published in this column.

Dr F ST.—Your four-move solution is ingenious, but the author's in three is still more so. Apply to J. Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

AMATEUR (Havana).—Many thanks for your interesting letter, and for the game. We are glad to hear of Captain Mackenzie's improved state of health.

B REYNOLDS.—Your kind interest is reciprocated. We have read with much pleasure your admirable articles in the *Sussex Standard*.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The publisher of "Chess Skirmishes" is A H Goose, Rampant Horse-street, Norwich.

H J O (Manchester).—If the King has not been moved to get out of check, it does not matter in the least.

W BIDDLE.—Thanks. The first impressions of the last sent are undoubtedly favourable.

JOHN CRUM (Glasgow).—We are pleased to hear from you, but there is something missing from your diagram. You give as a defence, 1. P takes Kt, and there is no Kt on the board to be taken. Kindly send us another copy.

G J VEALE.—Your compliments to the author of No. 2302 are well deserved.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2301 received from W Erie Gower (Hull), J W Shaw (Montreal), and An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2302 from W H Hayton and D Druce; of No. 2303 from Delta, Ph L (Hannover), E G Boys, R W Purdige (Bath), Monty, Isonomy, Spec, W H Hayton, Captain J A Challice, Herbert Clowin, S Kiddy, John Hodgson (Maidstone), J D Tucker (Leeds), J T Pullen (Lancaster), Walter Hooper (Plymouth), R T Maifs, W H Phillips (Plymouth), Ch N Gunzburg (Wassenaar), and M A S (The Hague).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2304 received from W Biddle, Dr F St, Bernard Reynolds, E G Boys, E Perugini, Julius Short (Exeter), Martin P, Ph L (Hannover), E Casella (Paris), Dawn, N Harris, Eland, A Newman, Katie Gibbs, Mish-Nish, Soberides, T Roberts, T G (Ware), B D Knox, M Mullendorff, G J Veale, E Louden, M V, Columbus, Captain J A Challice, Sladforth, Fr Fernando (Dublin), R F N Banks, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W R Rallem, W Wright, J Dixon, J D Tucker (Leeds), H S B (Fairholme), Thomas Clowin, Carl Jackson, H S Walter, Hans H, R G (Cambridge), Mary Growse, A W Hamilton, G H (Exeter), R T Maifs, General Honeywill, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), E E H, R Worters (Canterbury), Alpha, R H Brooks, W Scott McDonald, H Beurnmann (Berlin), D Druce, F Stevens (Clapham), and Milly F.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2302. By J. G. CAMPBELL.

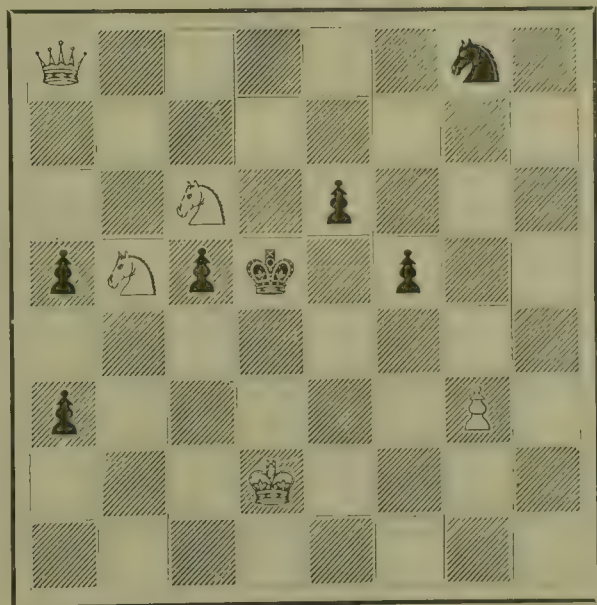
WHITE.
1. Q to R 5th
2. Kt to K 4th
3. Q to K R 5th, Mate.

If Black play 1. B takes Kt, then 2. Q takes Kt; if 1. Kt (at K 2nd) to Q 4th, Kt takes P; and if 1. Kt to K 3rd, then 2. Kt to K 4th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2306.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

An esteemed correspondent at Havana informs us that a little sense of disappointment was felt there at the quality of the play between Messrs. Gunsberg and Tschigorin. Captain Mackenzie, on the other hand, has been delighting the club with his consultation game against the English representative, the moves of which we shall publish.

A prize will be given to the best two-move problem contributed to the chess column of *AL* during the months of April, May, and June. It must be original and hitherto unpublished, and must bear the name and address of the composer. Address Chess Editor, *AL*, No. 9, Paternoster-row, E.C.

The annual match between the City of London Chess Club and the combined Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will be played at the Salvation, Newgate-street, on Tuesday, March 25. There will be twenty players a side.

The match between Mr. H. E. Bird and Herr Lasker terminated in a victory for the latter player. Twelve games were contested, of which the winner scored seven, Mr. Bird two, the other three being drawn.

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Engraved from Sketches supplied by Officers of the Expedition.

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AND A
DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE OF THE MEETING OF MR. STANLEY & EMIN PASHA.

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SKETCHES IN FORMOSA.

Several of the Sketches made by Mr. E. Hornby Grimani during his residence at Takow, on the south-west coast of the island of Formosa, have appeared in our pages. They were mostly those of incidents observed in an excursion that he undertook, with two friends, on horseback, to the mountains in the interior, above the village of Bankimsing, where the Pepu-huans, the half-civilised natives under Chinese rule, dwell in the neighbourhood of a savage race of highlanders. The forest paths, rivers, sandbeds, and morasses made it difficult travelling; and one of our present Illustrations shows the party, with their Chinese baggage-coolies, struggling on the slippery descent of a steep bank, where horses and men could hardly keep their footing. Another is that of a herd of "water-buffaloes," running wild there just now, but sometimes used for agricultural labours, which beasts seem to have a peculiar antipathy to white men, and will attack the strangers without fear or scruple. Our correspondent says:—

"They dashed at us with full force, ploughing up the ground with their preposterously long horns. At one place, where the road dipped into and through a dark gloomy pool, surrounded by dense clusters of trees, we found ourselves in the midst of a large wicked-looking herd. Seeing them all engaged in quenching their thirst, we sought to sneak quietly through, without attracting their attention; but several big bulls, followed by the herd, launched themselves at us, creating a startling disturbance of the waters. After the pursuit had lasted about a mile, the buffaloes one by one began to drop off; only one persistent bull remained, which kept up the chase two miles farther. There was a very rickety old bamboo bridge, which we crossed, but upon which he was afraid to venture his heavy carcass. The ponies had to be led over one by one, while they seemed timid, from the creaking and breaking of the weather-beaten bamboos and the swaying of the bridge, lest the whole structure might suddenly collapse. The buffalo must have thought so too, for he looked on, evidently expecting to see us tumble into the stream that flowed below. But he was disappointed in this, and turned away, leaving us to go on our journey in peace."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

It is a rare distinction for a body of artists to obtain after only eight years of existence a Royal diploma, but the work which the Society of Painter-Etchers set itself to do has been so successfully carried out that the distinction must be pronounced as well-deserved. In some respects the present exhibition, held at the gallery (Pall-mall East) of which the society is joint tenant with the old Society of Painters in Water-Colours, introduces an invidious comparison between modern etchers and the greatest master of the art—Rembrandt. The collection of his works lent by Mr. Seymour Haden covers nearly the whole of one side of the room, and is remarkable for the proof they afford of the versatility of that master's powers, and of the variety of his practice. Among the hundred works due to his needle some are noteworthy for the freedom with which nature is treated, others for the delicacy with which features are transcribed, while all bear the mark of that wonderful mastery of *chiaro-oscuro* which is the dominant note of Rembrandt's work, whether with brush or graver. Among the many which deserve careful attention it is difficult to make a satisfactory selection. Some, however, will commend themselves to every eye and to every taste; and among such may be named the portrait of the artist's mother (134), a dignified old lady, full of kindly feeling, but gifted with a merry eye; the remarkable portrait of the preacher Jan Cornelis Sylvius (159) leaning over his pulpit, one hand inside the bible, from which he has apparently just read the text of his sermon; the astute-faced Johannes Uijtendacle (169), the graceful figure of the burgomaster Jan Six (196) leaning against the sill of the window through which the light falls into the darkened study. Of the more complex subjects, in which Rembrandt displays his marvellous power of grouping and arrangement, we have a fine impression of the famous "hundred guilder print," of which the subject is "Christ Healing the Sick" (190), "St. Peter and St. John at the Beautiful Gate" (234), the tragic scene of "The Crucifixion" (156), and the bright Italian landscape which serves as a setting for "St. Jerome" (213), of which an instance of the plate in its second state (219) gives an interesting clue to Rembrandt's method of work. There are also two excellent portraits of the artist himself—one in a burgher's cap and feather (182), and the other leaning on a window-sill (187)—both bearing witness to the delicacy with which he could finish his work.

Turning from the great master to his modern followers, we have no hesitation in according to Mr. William Strang a foremost place among those who aspire to emulate their leader's thought and aims. He finds in the hardest and almost repulsive elements of life around him subjects over which he can throw a poetic halo—as in "A Woman Burning Weeds" (113), the "Salvation Army" (261), and the interior of an auction-room during a sale of prints (279). In treating higher subjects he is, perhaps, led too much to reproduce the Dutch feeling of the seventeenth century, as in the "Marriage at Cana" (255) and the "Descent from the Cross" (268), forgetting that the *naïveté* of the days of Teniers and Jan Steen is but little removed from the coarseness of our own; but it is impossible not to render justice to Mr. Strang's seriousness in all that he attempts; and if the ghastly scene of "The End," where Death would seem to come as a friend to the starving labourer in his garret, recalls too obviously the thoughts of the earlier German etchers, we can, nevertheless, heartily admire the strength as well as the pathos of the situation. Mr. A. H. Haig becomes each year more skilful and more mannerist—and it is difficult to recognise more than well-trained dexterity in the "Transept of Burgos Cathedral" (16), or the "Fountain at Cuenca" (277), or even in that almost unique relic of a bygone world, the old town of Wisby (293). Mr. Frank Short has a lighter touch, but a more poetic inspiration, and realises far more fully the true mission of the painter-etcher in such works as "Prisoners of War" (25), a "Cornish Harbour" (94), "Lyde Pier" (97), and the "West's Goodnight to the East" (79), one of the few specimens of mezzotint in the exhibition. Mr. Edward Slocumbe's "Antwerp from the Kattendyke" (48) and the "Canal at Bruges" (91), although too strictly architectural, are touched with true local feeling, while Mr. Fred. Slocumbe's "Study of the Avon, at Salisbury" (59) is one of the most successful bits of landscape etching in the exhibition. Mr. David Law has somehow missed the simple grandeur of "Richmond Castle" (74), one of the spots of the North Riding which fascinated Turner; but, on the other hand, Mr. Charles Watson's "Camden" (13), a show-house of Gloucestershire, is rendered without exaggeration of its quaint work. Mr. Charles Robertson's "Serpent Charmers" (27), Mr. Percy Robertson's "Wet Day at Whitby" (107), Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's portrait of Mr. Leslie Stephen (122), and Mr. Holmes May's "Church on the Hill" (305) all fall within the true limits of the painter-etcher's work, and are quite up to the best level of the English works exhibited. Foreigners are but slightly represented.



A HAZARDOUS DESCENT.



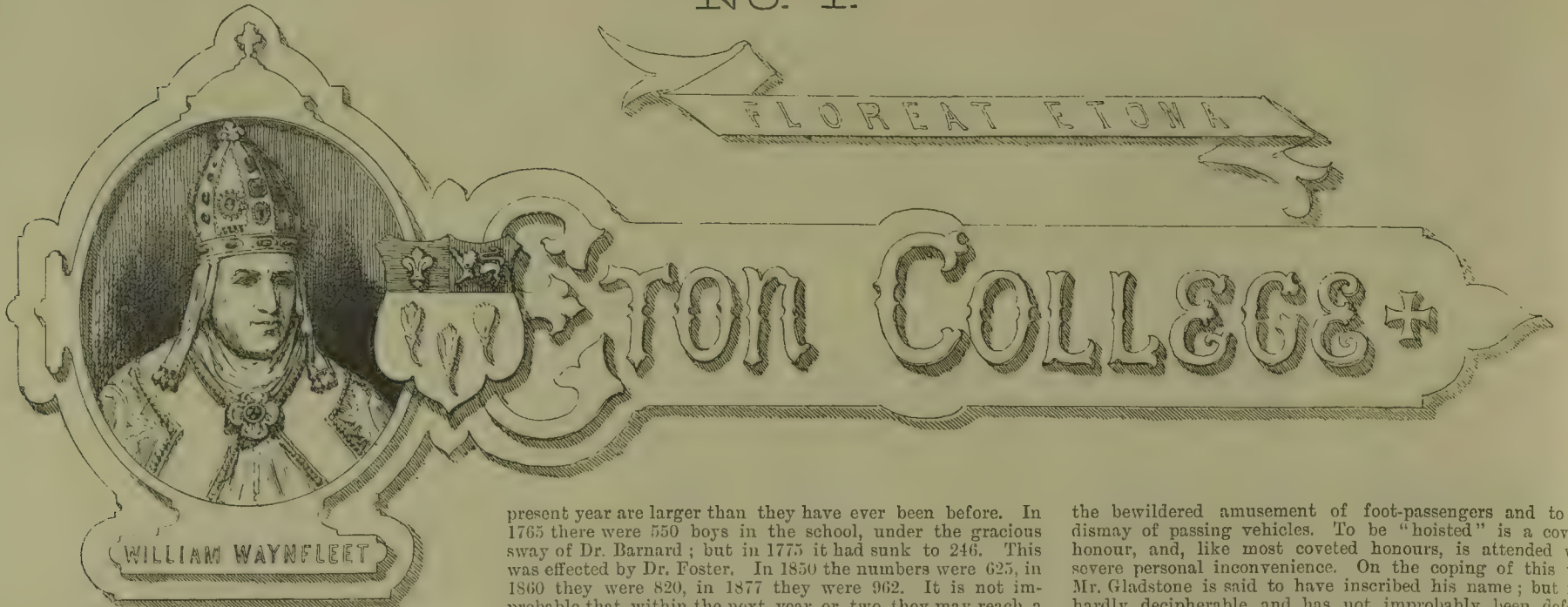
PURSUED BY WATER-BUFFALOES.



"REFLECTIONS."—PICTURE BY G. SCHACHINGER.
ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

No. I.



BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. FIRST MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.

THE name "Etonian," it has been said, is more the title of a religious sect than a local or educational designation. Etonians are certainly characterised by a strong, often romantic, attachment to their old school, which shows itself in different ways, but generally by a disposition to send their own sons there. Indeed, it has been said that the fathers of the present generation

present year are larger than they have ever been before. In 1765 there were 550 boys in the school, under the gracious sway of Dr. Barnard; but in 1775 it had sunk to 246. This was effected by Dr. Foster. In 1850 the numbers were 625, in 1860 they were 820, in 1877 they were 962. It is not improbable that within the next year or two they may reach a thousand. This little community lives in houses of varying antiquity, within the sound of the chapel bell, more or less irregularly scattered about the streets of what would appear to the ordinary traveller to be a quiet little country town. The school is now so large that on no occasion is it ever seen together in its entirety; the only exception to this being in the summer of 1887, when a torchlight procession was organised to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, and the whole school assembled in the playing-fields for the purposes of drill, and covered more ground than was expected.

Eton is naturally approached from Windsor; the street is continuous all the way from the castle to the college. The picturesqueness of the Eton High-street has been lately destroyed by a boarding-house of gigantic height, which has swallowed up the outline of a quaint red-brick house, known to the initiated as "Webber's," that formerly closed the prospect very pleasantly. At the end of the street the visitor reaches a bridge that crosses the inlet into the so-called "Barnes Pool," which lies on the right—a small piece of water that was connected with the old system of flushing the sewers, but now serves no particular purpose but that of general picturesqueness. The bridge passed, you are "in college," technically speaking. Over the quaint gabled houses on the right, the pinnacles and deep-buttressed recesses of the Chapel, or more correctly the Collegiate Church, appear. The extreme simplicity of the proportions interfere with the due impression of size. But, as a matter of fact, there are few English cathedrals the line of whose battlements is higher than that of the Chapel of Eton.

Here the boarding-houses begin. On the left, through an archway, is Jourdelay's Place, better known as Hale's, a house of which the name is as old as the college itself. Next to it is Radcliffe's. The main part of this house is composed of the old Christopher Inn, familiarly known as "the X," which was cast out of the college precincts owing to the earnest remonstrance of Dr. Hawtrey when Head Master. The old balustraded galleries of the inn, like those of the Swan in Holborn, can be still seen incorporated into the house. To the right, just inside the archway that leads to the old inn stables, now Wise's livery stables, are the premises of the institution, *par excellence*, of the Eton world, the "Eton Society," commonly known as "Pop," founded in 1811 by Charles Fox Townshend. This is primarily a debating society. Among the journal-books may be seen the early speeches, among others, of Mr. Gladstone: these compositions are more laborious than elegant. When the ex-Premier was lately on a visit to Eton, he asked whether the Captain of the Boats and the Captain of the Eleven were

still allowed to be included among the members, adding that in his day a concession was made to admit these functionaries in order to encourage athletics. The answer was that the athletic element was now predominant, and encouraged literature by occasionally electing the Captain of the School and the President of the Literary Society, for fear that the studious arts should be altogether overlooked. "Pop" is, in fact, little more than a social institution now, and reflects the spirit of the age by constructing itself upon a mainly physical basis.

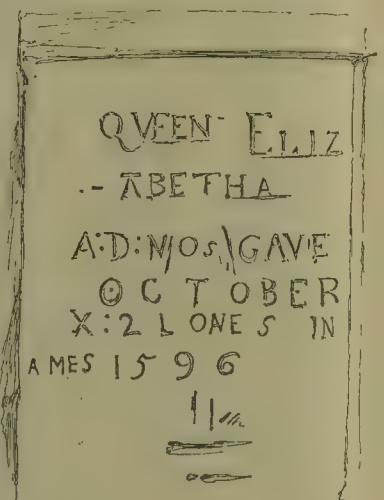
A little higher up upon the right the houses abut on the churchyard, no longer used for burials, and in a condition of wise and beautiful neglect. The grass grows long over the headstones, and yews shoot up unmolested. Near the gate is the altar-tomb where the remains of the "ever memorable" John Hales repose—a virtuous man, who owed his title to his learning and the charm of his conversation. He was a friend of Ben Jonson and of Suckling, and he drew to his rooms not only the litterateurs of London, but young sparks from the Court—a far more valuable testimony to the excellence of his talk. The row of limes in front of the college is called the Long Walk; the low wall which runs along in front of them is tenanted on certain summer evenings by a long line of boys, who knock their heels upon it as they sit with a pleasant rhythmic sound. On some occasions a ceremony called "Hoisting" is enacted here—the Eleven and Eight, if victorious at Lord's and Henley, and the winners of certain school races, are borne along by a knot of eminent boys, to

the bewildered amusement of foot-passengers and to the dismay of passing vehicles. To be "hoisted" is a coveted honour, and, like most coveted honours, is attended with severe personal inconvenience. On the coping of this wall Mr. Gladstone is said to have inscribed his name; but it is hardly decipherable, and has not improbably been defaced from motives of political animosity. Fame has its own reward even here: *sunt hic etiam sua premia laudi*.

The west front of the college, which here overlooks us, is, without doubt, the most solemn and dignified feature of the place. It consists of the west side of the antechapel, lately and satisfactorily restored. This joins a long Renaissance front of mouldering brick and still more mouldering stone—in fact, a severe frost a year or two ago brought down huge fragments from cornices and lintels. The sombre colour, the stately severity of the lines, typify far better than the giddy Gothic the austere gate of learning. At the northern end, a square Lancastrian tower shows its head at a vigorous angle. In the original design there was no connecting building between this tower and the chapel, and the place has gained both in mystery and beauty by the addition. This is the Upper School. Rumour assigns the design to Sir Christopher Wren; but apparently upon no better authority than that its beauty would justify the supposition. The door in the centre is connected with one of the most amusing of all the incidents of the Keatean legend. The irascible doctor forbade the carrying of umbrellas as savouring of effeminacy; whereupon all his sixth form brought umbrellas into school on the next morning, which happened to be unusually fine. The offenders were too important to flog, so Keate contented himself with growling. "I am sorry to see that you have become a pack of schoolgirls." Whereupon the young rebels went over to Upton, under cover of darkness, tore down a board that hung upon the gate of a ladies' school there, inscribed in gold letters on a blue ground "Seminary for Young Ladies," and affixed it over the door into the school yard. Keate wisely abstained from further hostilities, and only "sulked" for a few days—his refuge for wounded dignity.

Similar to this is the story of the huge tin hat which hung over the shop of the famous Devereux: it is really too amusing to be omitted. An old Etonian party, most of them in the Guards, took this down one night and sent it in a specially made box to Keate, with a forged letter from the Prince Regent to say that he desired Dr. Keate most particularly to appear in it at the ensuing Fourth of June; and at the same time a note was sent to Devereux saying that Dr. Keate admired it so much that he had taken it for his own use. It must be remembered that Keate's taste in dress was somewhat peculiar: his costume was what has been admirably described by Mr. Kinglake as between that of Napoleon and a widow woman. His own cocked-hat still hangs, a venerable relic, nearly napless, in the Head Master's chambers.

The first floor is occupied, with the exception of a room at the end, which is used by the Head Master as a school-room, by one immense room, Upper School proper, though



INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD OAK PANEL IN THE COLLEGE HALL.

"Queen Elizabeth to us gave, October 10, two loaves in a mess" [i.e., among each party of four].

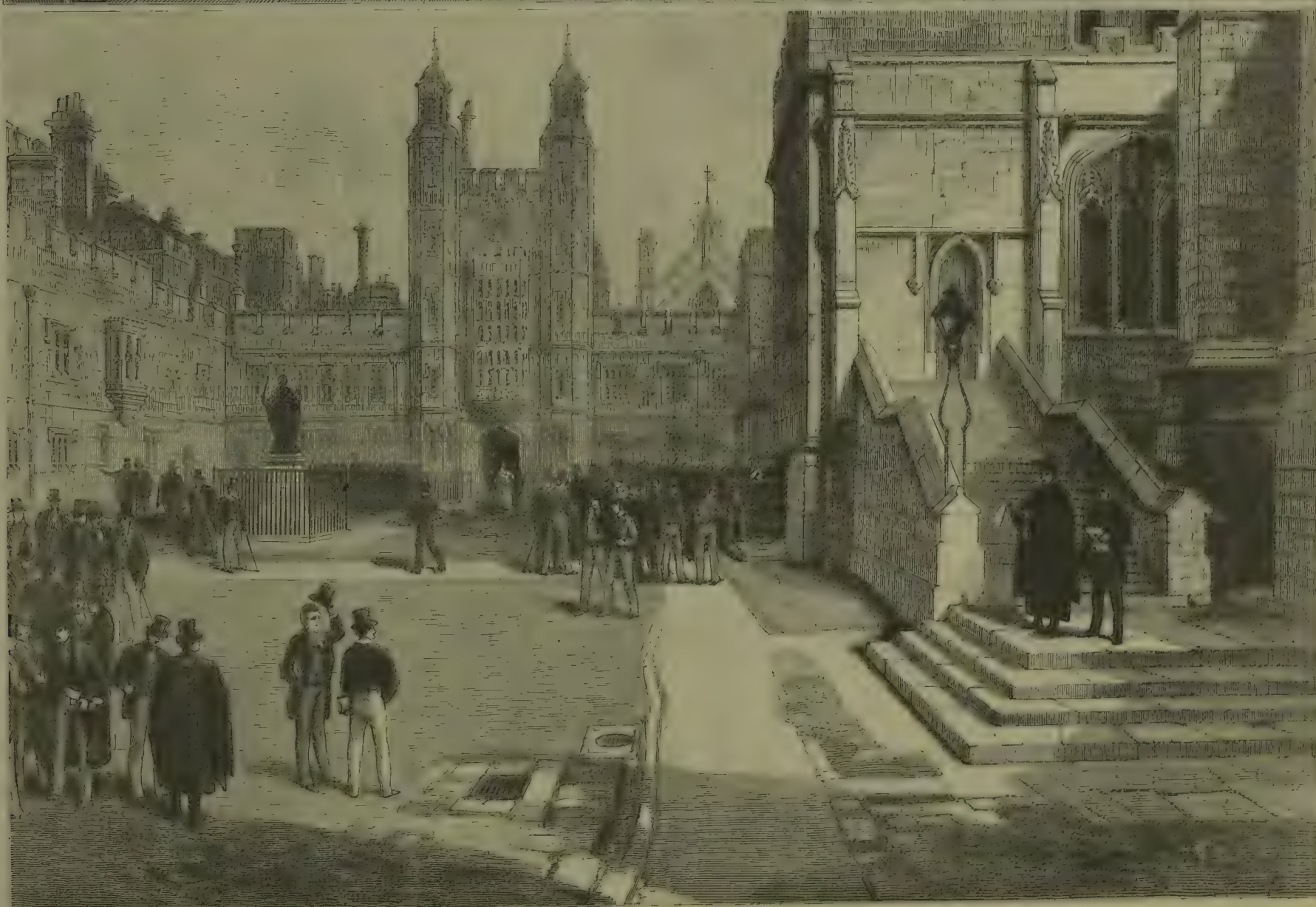


OLD TABLE IN LONG CHAMBER.

of Etonians are mostly old Etonians, or old Harrovians, or men who have never been at a public school. A burly squire said not long ago to the writer of these lines: "Yes, my boy is going to Eton, though my property isn't what it used to be in my poor father's time; but, by Jove! I look upon that as a first charge on the estate." That is the kind of feeling with which Etonians regard their old school. Then, too, the Etonian dinners that take place on such days as the Fourth of June, all over the world, and notice of which reaches the Head Master by telegram, are surely a remarkable thing! In Burmah, in Canada, in Calcutta barrack-rooms, in South American ranches, "they keep the day with festal cheer." Even in China, the devoted missionary, imprisoned in the Consul's house and not daring to show himself for fear of a revolution, sipped his tea to the toast of "Floreat Etona!" Even Lacy Yea, in the thick of the Alma, could compare a charge of his Fusiliers to an Eton "rouge." Lieutenant Elwes, in the Boer war, could say to his friend, just before receiving the bullet which laid him low, "One more charge for 'Floreat Etona!'" And such a fact as this, that the Marquis Wellesley—"Fortuna rerumque vagis exercitus undis"—could appoint that he should be buried in the vaults of his old school chapel, so that he might listen to the school-boy feet,—surely this is without a parallel in the history of any public school!

The school, if only numerically, holds its own at the head of the public schools of the world. The numbers for the

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. I. ETON.



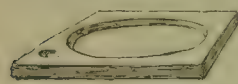
THE UPPER SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOL YARD.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND—No. 1.

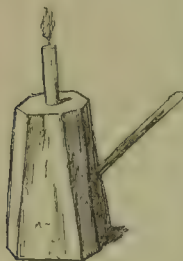


ETON COLLEGE.

the whole building goes by the name. This is the focus of Eton tradition. To the oak panelling on the walls, a singularly rich effect is given by the innumerable names of myriads of Etonians, cut in letters of all shapes and sizes, from the gigantic C. J. Fox halfway down the left-hand side, to the little W. E. Gladstone on one of the doors leading into the Head Master's room. Nearly the whole of the English aristocracy are represented here. Historic names



OLD WOODEN PLATTER.



OLD WOODEN CANDLESTICK

meet the eye on every side—statesmen, orators, churchmen, generals. Families have their corners. But time would fail us to tell of half the associations gathered on these walls. At the farther end is the great desk with its double stairs, consecrated by the mild dignity of Goodall, the fierce quacking of Keate, the lisping eloquence of Hawtrey. Yes, that is the desk which the miscreants screwed up, so that Keate had to vault with an angry growl into his seat, proving to the satisfaction of his flock that he was, which they doubted, decently clad beneath his cassock. It was there that Keate received unflinching the shower of books. "Boys," as he said, in a valedictory address, "I have been a schoolmaster for many years, and books [or words to that effect] I can

understand; but among those books there was a stone flung at me," and here his voice quivered and broke: "I hope I haven't deserved that." It was the one touch of pathos in that stormy battle with youth, and many of his audience were fairly melted into tears. We, with our modern ideas about peace and privacy in teaching, think with nothing less than horror of what went by the same name in that room. Day after day Keate used to instruct a division there which at one time numbered 198 boys. Teaching, in the modern sense, was impossible: at best it could only have been a kind of lecture. There can have been no personal inspection of work or progress whatever, except what the tutors could give out of school hours. Even discipline must have been a total impossibility. If a boy was called upon to construe twice in a "half," it was a decent average. It probably taught a boy how to concentrate his mind upon other work,—for many boys did the whole of their schoolwork during the hours they sat in Upper School: they learnt, as a Cambridge lecturer once said when defending the institution of lectures, how to work in a noise.

On Sundays this was the scene of a still more marvellous proceeding. At two o'clock the whole school presented itself for a ceremony which Keate called "prayers," and everyone else "prose." The Head Master read aloud an extract from

church was to dominate everything. According to the original designs of the founder, the present building would have been nothing but a choir, and a nave with aisles would have extended across the road and some way down what is known as Keate's-lane. But the death of Henry VI., when the building was rising, and the accession of Edward IV., who was by no means favourable to educational or ecclesiastical establishments which were to be constructed at his own expense, unless he had himself devised them, was a deathblow to all this. Waynfleet, the second Provost, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, had the building finished off as we have it now: the antechapel, which is a skillful architectural design, especially when seen from the west, took the place of the nave; the wooden roof was substituted for the intended stone vaulting (though it has latterly been disputed whether it was intended), thus giving the gigantic buttresses nothing to do; and the curious flattening of the curve of the east windows shows that the building was not even carried up to its projected height.

When the Chapel was renovated fifty years ago, the Queen Anne woodwork of Provost Godolphin—stalls, reredos, and organ-loft—was cleared away and sold on Datchet Green. Nowadays we are aware that Jacobean woodwork is by far the finest fitting for a Gothic church next to contemporary woodwork; and the stalls which were substituted have the fatal taint of the Rickman and Pugin school about them. Still, though the design is weak, the work is good and costly of its kind; and the new organ-case, designed by Mr. Pearson, is really magnificent. Its east front displays (we believe it is the only instance of this) the large open diapason pedal pipes, which are nearly forty feet high; and the whole has just been painted at the expense of the present Vice-Provost, and bids fair to be a unique work. Before the Chapel was renovated the screen stood several feet farther east, and was supported by handsome Corinthian pillars of oak, very rich in gilding. It is very exasperating to think that this should have been sacrificed to the Gothic revival. The present stone screen, in memory of Eton officers who fell in the Afghan campaign, was designed by Street, and presents most of the eccentric features of debased Spanish Gothic. Near the east end is the beautiful little chantry of Provost Lupton; on the south side, the monument of Provost Hawtrey—a man of a graceful, tender, and somewhat progressive mind, who understood the meaning of the word education at a time when few schoolmasters did. The majestic marble monument by the altar, undoubtedly the most conspicuous in the Chapel, is, by a freak of fate that of a man whose connection with the place was of the most shadowy. Thomas Murray, Provost, was neither an Etonian nor a Kingsman. He had been Secretary to Henry Prince of Wales, brother of Charles I., and was a layman. He was Provost for only fourteen months, and it is doubtful whether he ever came to Eton except to be buried. The east window and the approximate one on each side are by Willement, and are very unjustly abused. They are far more antique in spirit than the rest of the glass presented by the munificence of the Vice-Provost, and show thought and artistic feeling. The colossal proportions of the figures, however, dwarf the building. It is to be lamented that the restorers did not grasp the principle that a building such as Eton Chapel was, in reality, constructed more with a view to a great display of magnificent glass than anything else. The thrust of the roof is borne entirely by the buttresses, in order to leave the walls free to be pierced as much as possible. And if the sum generously employed on glazing fourteen windows had been expended on four, leaving the other ten to be gradually supplied by the munificence of generations of Etonians, the glass would have borne a closer scrutiny than is now possible. From the steps leading up to the North Porch, "Absence" is called on half-holidays: of this we give an illustration. This quadrangle is known as the "school yard": in the centre stands the bronze statue of the Founder.

The east side of the school yard is occupied by the Provost's Lodge, which extends as far again to the north, and has lately been increased by the appropriation of a house in the Cloisters: it is probably the most magnificent collegiate house in the Kingdom. It contains an interesting collection of portraits of distinguished Etonians. The rest of the cloisters consist of the houses of the Fellows; but, the corporation being doomed to extinction by Act of Parliament, they will some day be available for school purposes. The south side of the Cloisters is occupied by the Fellows' Library, a rarely visited apartment, and the College Hall, now used only by the King's Scholars for dinner and supper. In the Hall are the magnificent open fireplaces, one of which is represented among our illustrations, which were only discovered, by accident, when the Hall was restored, being concealed behind the woodwork. On one of the adjacent panels is a curious record of a visit of Queen Elizabeth to the College, and her liberal present of "two loves [loaves] to a mes [mess]," as the young orthographer recorded. In the Buttery may be seen, among other relics, the old wooden candlesticks and salt-cellars represented above. The Kitchen, too, with its huge fireplaces and octagonal lantern, is worthy of note.

To return to the school yard, the north side contains on the first floor the old Long Chamber, now divided into rooms and cubicles for the collegers, with a huge and venerable table, inky and sober now, that has seen strange revelry in its day; and, below, the old Lower School—a low room supported by curious Jacobean pillars, introduced into it by Sir Henry Wotton to correct the gloomy Gothic character of the place. It may be noted, in passing, that Wotton, whose Life by Walton



STATUE OF KING HENRY VI., THE FOUNDER OF ETON COLLEGE, IN THE SCHOOL YARD.

is well known, was probably the inventor of the word Gothic, which he employed as synonymous with "barbarous." Passing through a dark passage, we are in Weston's-yard, a triangular gravelled space, of which one side is occupied by the Head Master's house, originally erected by Sir Henry Savile for a printing-press, and far better adapted for that purpose than for a Head Master's residence. It is, however, fair to outward view, and its back, which abuts on the Slough road, is a lesson in the art of building picturesque chimneys. The third side of Weston's-yard is occupied by the so-called New Buildings, which accommodate most of the collegers. The School Library till last year formed a part of these buildings, and was another testimony to Dr. Hawtrey's refined taste. It was the ideal of a studious room, and laid the foundation of many literary tastes. But the accommodation of the collegers was considered inadequate, and the room was dismantled. The present Library is, at least, more accessible; but the Upper School is the natural place for the Library, and it is to be hoped that it will eventually be moved there.

It has been said that the school is singularly poor in memorials of her great men; but it is a kind of simplicity which is characteristic of her to take her past for granted, to live in the presence of the past without detailed incentive, without advertisement.

A few dusty busts line the walls of Upper School: the place of honour is held by Sir Joseph Bayley. Of Gray there was a plaster medallion in the old Library that insisted more on his pendulous nose than his critical mouth; a bust of Praed, somewhat finikin and delicate, was in the same place. The Duke of Wellington's name, carved by himself in his old boarding-house, has been cut out, and is secreted somewhere. The Garter ornaments of the Marquis Wellesley are in the Fellows' Library. He is buried in the chapel vaults, and his epitaph, written by himself in the sweetest and most touching Latin elegiacs, bears eloquent witness to his devotion to the place. Of Horace Walpole there is no memorial. The proposal to erect a bust of Shelley in Upper School was obstinately resisted on religious grounds. But as a rule the tendency to justifiable self-glorification in these points is not so much deliberate as unconscious. It is, so to speak, taken for granted that a considerable percentage of Etonians are to be distinguished, and thus no special pains are taken in impressing the fact. Even of living Etonians the boys consciously claim but a few; the fact is never brought to their notice. To select a few of the more prominent names, it may be doubted whether any boy in the school would be aware for certain that Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Bishops of Winchester and Chichester Mr. Kinglake,



THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

Blair's Sermons, or some other thrilling work, such as the Enchiridion of Epictetus, and then gave out the subjects for the next week's themes, which were there and then composed and, in many cases, looked over by the tutors, till the adjournment for chapel at 3 p.m.

Opening out of Upper School by two doors on each side of the great desk is the room now known as "The Head's Room," formerly the Library. The room bears traces of Dr. Hawtrey's cultivated and dignified taste in the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorn the room. But it is by reason of a small oak object, consisting of two steps of unequal height, that the room is principally famous. This is known as "The Block," and its uses need not be further particularised. The present structure is of modern date, the sacred associations of the object having proved too strong an attraction to the indefatigable zeal of collectors. It is not improbable that before long another attempt will be made by an American. Once it was removed by the celebrated Lord Waterford, who had spent many hallowed moments there upon his knees. The last time that it was secured, the daring perpetrator—who was plagiarist as well as thief—escaped the vigilance of the police, who actually searched his room for the missing article, by taking it to pieces and screwing the boards of which it was composed under his table. But memories do not cluster so fast about "The Block" now. Till within a recent date there was hardly a day on which it was not tenanted. At one time, indeed, the Head Master was obliging enough to attend on Sunday evenings for the convenience of boys who wished to go away on the Monday morning. But flogging is now reserved for more serious offences, and is comparatively rare. It may be remarked that there has been a corresponding improvement in the discipline of the school.

The great staircase that leads into Upper School also abuts upon the Chapel; and it is the Chapel—or, as it used to be called, the Church—that is in every way the central feature of Eton. It must be borne in mind that originally the place was intended to be a collegiate establishment, like Westminster and Windsor—a "College of Sad Priests," as the Charters say. The Provost and Fellows were the Dean and Canons; and the school was merely a small and comparatively unimportant appendage. Under these circumstances the



THE KITCHEN.

Lord Rayleigh, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. James Payn, are old schoolfellows. A year or two ago a small boy was asked to put down the names of the four most celebrated Etonians that he knew: his list was the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Wales, a certain prelate, and Mr. Gladstone; but as an after-thought he struck the last out and inserted the name of Mr. Bainbridge, a late captain of the Cambridge Eleven.

Eton nomenclature is distinguished by its simplicity. The New Schools, which contain an observatory, with their appendage, the New New Schools, face the back of the Head Master's house. They rouse the mind to wonder where the past generations of Etonians can possibly have been taught, for they have not been in existence twenty years. They took the place of nothing, and still the accommodation is deficient. This is being remedied by a magnificent block of buildings now in course of erection down Keate's-lane. These are known as "The Queen's Schools," a memorial-stone having been laid by her Majesty in 1889. A lower chapel is also being constructed to take the place of the singularly humble structure farther down the lane, originally intended for a music-room. The only fault of this new block of buildings, which is designed by Sir A. Blomfield, is that the west side of the court has been left open, with the apparent intention of framing the view of what may be called the scullery front of an exceedingly ugly adjacent house of yellow brick: if the south side had been open, there would have been a pleasant outlook upon willows and gliding waters, with the towers of Windsor in the distance.

Opposite the new buildings are the laboratory—a neat red-brick building, decently fitted, the racquet-courts, and the science schools. Retracing our steps a little, just where the road turns off to Dorney, is a pleasant square red-brick house, known as "Ainger's," once occupied by Keate. The view from the front of this house is one of the most characteristic in Eton. Keate's-lane winds irregularly up to the college, among tall red-brick houses; and at the end, half shrouded in limes, are the tall windows of the antechapel, and over them the grey west gable of the Chapel.

But we must turn to the playing-fields, where, as we have not unfrequently been told, the Duke of Wellington observed the battle of Waterloo was won, and where he certainly thrashed "Bobus Smith." Passing along the Slough road, by the New Schools, we see, on the left, a tall modern house, known as The Timbralls, or, more familiarly, as "Carter's." The name is a curious survival, from the fact that upon that spot stood the woodyard used for the building of the Collegiate Church. On the left beyond this a large field opens out: this is known in summer as Sixpenny, and is where the Lower boys play cricket. To thread your way on a summer evening is a task beset with dangers for the unwary; and, even if you escape unscathed from the flying balls, your time is amply occupied, if you are of an obliging disposition, in amateur fielding, in response to the courteous formula "Thank you for that ball" from net after net. The end of the field is occupied by a gigantic row of five courts—almost entirely deserted, so tyrannical is custom in the matter of games, except during the Easter half. In the winter the place is known as "School Field." Here the school football-matches are played, and day after day, towards the end of the half, nearly the whole of Eton assembles to see the ante-finals and final of the Home matches. Behind the five courts lies a group of buildings containing the Carpenter's Shop and the Drill Hall. These meadows are girded with perennial streams, known to surveyors as Chalvey Brook, and generically, in modern times, as "Jordan." This passes beneath the Slough road, under a bridge still known as Fifteen Arch Bridge, though there are but three spans. Here still grows a willow planted by the Marquis Wellesley. Overshadowed by the bridge is School Jump, where the stream is about twenty feet wide—the final leap of the school steeplechase. Old Etonians of sixty summers, with the mild mendacity which characterises the species, are fond of asserting that they not unfrequently "took it standing," but they are seldom able to appeal to reliable eyewitnesses. The other side of the Slough road is bounded by a red-brick wall. If we hoist ourselves up by some iron clamps fixed in this we can descend by an iron ladder into the playing-fields proper, officially called the Upper and Lower Shooting-fields. Here we are again on classical ground. This is the "wall" *par excellence*, where the collegers play the oppidans on St. Andrew's Day. The game is one of which the description may not be lightly taken in hand. The rules are like Gray's odes, *φωναῖρα συνοῖσιον*. They are printed and published in a small volume, which we recommend to the attention of anyone who wishes to be hopelessly mystified. Perhaps the only thing which is still more mystifying is to watch the game itself. At the

college end, under the brick wall of a picturesque house, a small white stone is let into the wall. This marks the spot, but probably does not commemorate the scene, of the fatal fight when a brother of the great Lord Shaftesbury received mortal injuries. This led to the practice of public fights being discontinued.

Crossing Chalvey Brook by what is known as "Sheep's Bridge," we come to "Upper Club," where the school cricket-matches are played. This is one of the loveliest cricket-fields in England. One side is shaded by a glorious avenue of chestnuts, over which the same heroes who jumped School Jump are accustomed to say that they not unfrequently drove a half-volley—and hard hitters like C. J. Thornton have been certainly seen to do it. North-west of Upper Club lies, as we have said, Jordan, which slides along with a fuller stream as it prepares to pour itself into what has been styled, with some confusion of thought, "Thames, parent of waters." There is here a charming triangular pool of dark water, called

public road: they are far more secluded now. The only way in which they have seriously lost is that the Home Park used to come down to the other bank, so that from Eton you could look, over the Park wall, straight up the avenues (supposed to be planted in the position of the troops at the final charge of the battle of Ramillies) to the castle. This has been blocked by the erection of the South-Western Railway embankment, carried over the river just above Black Potts by a hideous cast-iron bridge, proportioned and coloured in such a way as to be able to bid a permanent defiance to the mellowing hand of time. Black Potts, a little house among osier-beds, was where Wotton and Izaak Walton used to fish. It was here the former left his bottle of beer in the grass, and on finding it again it proved, as he said, to be "no bottle, but a gun," it went off so furiously. At the end of the playing-fields is the oak beneath which in the spinning pool the collegers used to bathe; and at the end of all stands a picturesque keeper's cottage, the steps which lead up to the door being, by

a strange irony of fate, the remains of the marble brought with such loving generosity to pave the Chapel floor at Provost Godolphin's restoration, and torn up by the Gothic revivalists to make way for the more ecclesiastical and spiritual freestone. The steps of the cottage are, in fact, the altar-stairs upon which, for nearly two hundred years, generation after generation of the highest hearts in England knelt to pledge themselves to Christ.

These are the limits of this little state, this little principality, which is at once so loyal and so free. There is no seminary where liberty is so jealously maintained and so discreetly used. It is, of course, like all other social mills, open to the objection that it sacrifices the individual unnecessarily to the mass, that it makes no allowance for a special bent or an uncommon characteristic. Well, it is probably less true of Eton than of any other similar place. Its size, in the first place, is so large that it has few of the dangers of a despotism to fear. A smaller school will have its tone changed in a year or two by the caprices of some prominent boy being transmuted into law; and then come pettiness and servility, and all the humbling influences of life.

But the typical production of Eton is the English gentleman, who, with the reserve that characterises him, if he is slow to praise, is at any rate still more slow to censure. Here he learns that courage and character, generosity and sweetness are the real forces of life; here, at any rate, no respect is paid to factitious advantages such as wealth and rank: the man may unlearn this in the wider world, but it has none the less been taught him.

Eton's most characteristic poet makes the hero of one of his strongest poems halt on the threshold of the world and ask what he has got from Eton. The poem might well be given at length; but the conclusion is—

And to myself in games I said,
What mean the books? Can I
win fame?
I would be like the faithful dead,
A fearless man, and pure from
blame,
I may have failed; my school may
fall:—
I tremble: but thus much I
dare:—
I love her:—let the critics rail,
My brethren and my home are
there.

Dispatches received from Vancouver Island state that on Feb. 5 three Englishmen were landed there from the American ship Wanderer, which rescued them from the uninhabited island of San Alessandro, where they had been for four years. They state that in October 1885 they took passage on the Japanese vessel Matsuo Marie at Hakodate for Amomari, and, while crossing the Straits of Isugawa, were blown out of

their course. For eighty days they were tossed about, and finally the vessel was driven ashore on the island of San Alessandro, and five of the crew were drowned.

The Italian Geographical Society has bestowed its great gold medal, known as the Humbert I. prize, upon Mr. H. M. Stanley, his latest discoveries having been the means of liberating the Italian explorer Casati.

Dr. Nansen has explained before the Norwegian Geographical Society his project for a new expedition towards the North Pole. His idea is to sail through Behring Straits to the New Siberia Islands, where he hopes to meet with a current running in a northerly direction.

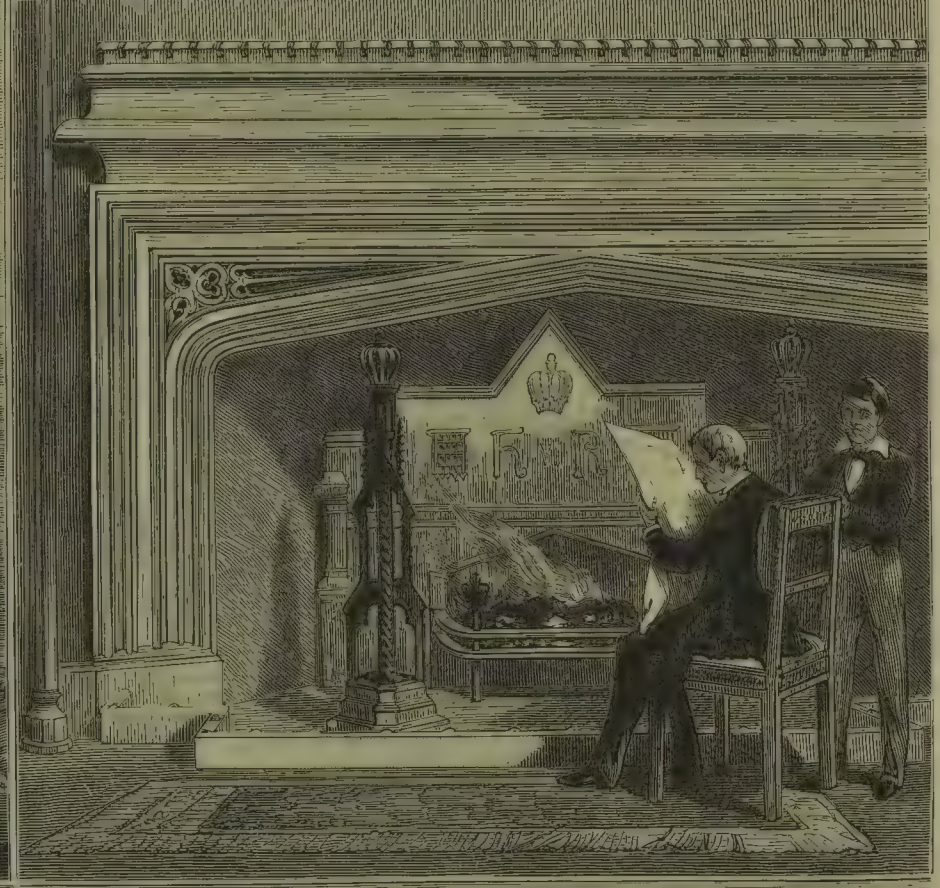
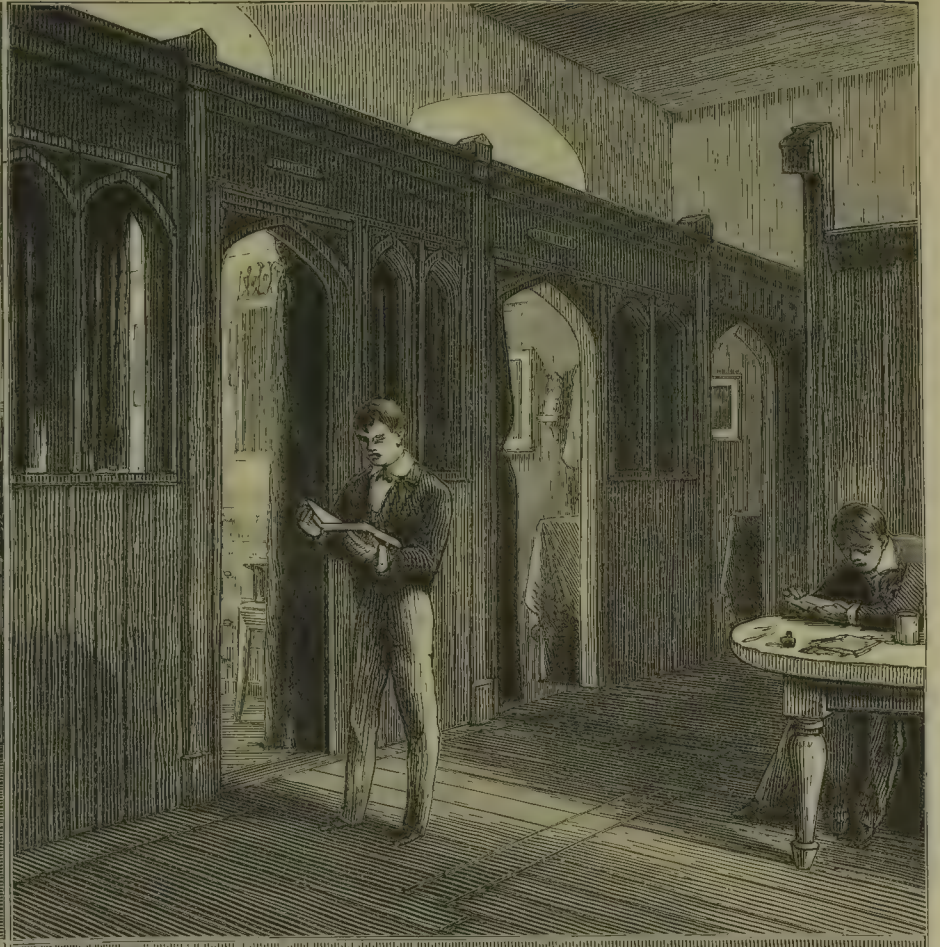
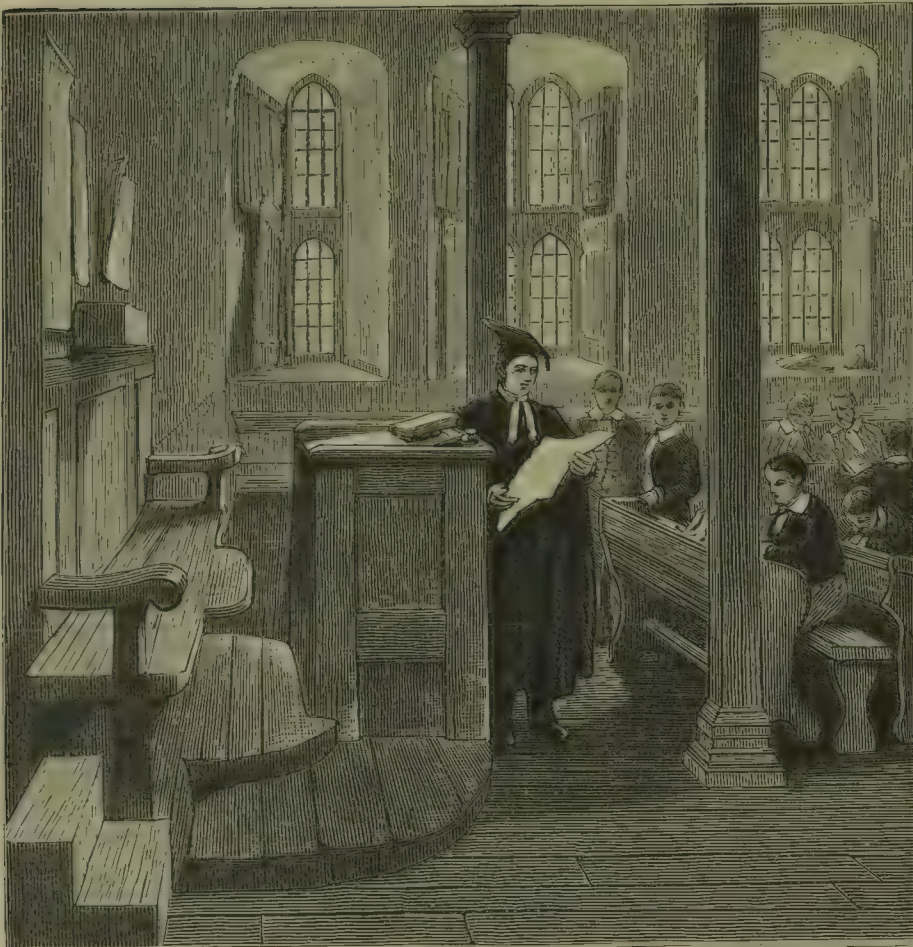
Nearly half a century ago the Grand Lodge of England founded the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. For the first year the income was only £400, but the charity increased and multiplied through the generosity of the craft, until it is now able to distribute £15,000 annually among aged and necessitous Freemasons and their widows. Altogether, since the institution was established, 755 men and 493 women have been elected annuitants. At the annual festival, under the presidency of the Earl of Euston, subscriptions to the amount of £13,095 were announced. Of this sum the metropolis contributed £6753, and the provinces £6342.



QUEEN'S SCHOOLS, ETON COLLEGE.

Fellow's Pond, overshadowed by trees, and covered at certain seasons of the year with ruffling water-lilies. It was here that a chalybeate is said to have been discovered, which the Fellow in Residence ordered, on hearing of it, to be taken to the kitchen with the rest of the fish. This is called the Poet's Walk: the name is probably a vague reminiscence of the time when it was considered a noteworthy thing among schoolboys, and worthy of admiration, to write verse. The leisurely man does not enjoy such consideration now, and has fallen into a certain disrepute: talent is now employed in a more directly profitable way. Here, however, it was that Henry More reasoned with himself in his lonely walks of foreknowledge and reprobation and other comfortable doctrines. "An regerent Divi terras?" Here Præd parodied and punned. Here Gray and Horace Walpole quoted Virgil with childish pedantry, and discussed the failings of their schoolfellows. Here Richard Porson, the cricketer, narrowly escaped a licking from Charles Simeon, the top. Still, it is a mistake to connect the place as it is now with the figures of the past. It is lovelier than it can ever have been then; the trees have added many a ring to their girth and many a foot to their height. Besides that, there was more than one house on the bank beyond Sheep's Bridge, a river public-house, a wharf, a

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. I. ETON.



1. Lower School.

2. Long Chamber.

3. Post's Walk.

4. Fireplace in Hall.

5. The College Field.



MY NOBLE KINSMAN.



MOUNT TAGHARMA, IN CENTRAL ASIA.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

Nineteenth Century.—Analysing partially, from his point of view, the Report of the Parnell Inquiry Commission, Mr. Michael Davitt essays to prove that the Irish Land League is none the worse for it. Mr. Gladstone, for whose active ingenuity nothing is too great or too small, instructs owners of large libraries how to arrange their bookshelves for the utmost economy of space. A former sergeant of the 79th Highlanders, Mr. Arthur Palmer, describes the midnight march on Tel-el-Kebir, and the fighting in the trenches. The modified conclusions from Darwinism, adopted or admitted by Mr. Wallace, in respect of human development, are fairly noticed by the Bishop of Carlisle. The admirable Christian character of Bishop Ken is displayed in a biographical review by the Rev. Jessop Teague, of Crediton, in Devonshire. Lord Brassey examines the present condition of merchant seamen and shipping, and recommends legislation to prevent over-insurance of ships. Dr. G. Fleming demands more stringent and uniform regulations to check rabies in the canine race. There is a large quantity of philosophical and didactic exposition of principles bearing on disputed "social" questions. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the first place, tells us what he considers to be the origin of ideas of justice, a progressive exaltation of the interest of the species above that of the individual. Lord Bramwell insists on the beneficial effect of the ideas of property. Prince Kropotkin, for once, enters on a really useful practical discussion, that of the evil of divorcing scientific instruction from technical training and handiwork. "A working-man," Mr. J. D. Christie, who is a confectioner skilled in making jam puffs and sausage rolls, sharply takes Professor Huxley to task for his negation of some of the claims of the labouring classes. But here is Professor Huxley again, with an article entitled "Capital, the Mother of Labour." If he would call it "the Nurse of Labour," as it supplies the materials by which Labour subsists, the metaphor would be more exact.

National Review.—A writer styled "Anglo-African" surveys the complicated state of affairs in South Africa, disagreeing considerably with Sir Hercules Robinson and the present Government of the Cape Colony, especially disapproving of any transaction of the Transvaal Republic in the settlement of Swaziland. It would not be surprising if a movement were started for the separation of the Eastern Province of the Colony, which is British, from the Western Province, which is mainly Dutch. This writer demands that the High Commissionership should be transferred to the Governor of Natal. The other articles do not immediately bear on topics of urgent public interest, except perhaps that of Tithes, which is discussed by Mr. E. Leigh Pemberton, but which is not generally attractive. "Can there be a Science of Character?" by Mr. W. L. Courtney; "Wat Tyler and his Cause," by Mr. Henry Evershed; "Irish Traits of Thought and Speech"; "Darwinism Revised"; "Talleyrand in England," by Lord Colchester; the family history of the Strozzi at Florence; and White's Selborne are tolerable subjects for discursive reading, but are not burning questions of the time.

Universal Review.—Although Mrs. Besant's doctrines on some theological and ethical subjects have not won the approval of the influential portion of society, we can entirely commend to students of physiological psychology her able synopsis of the phenomena of hypnotism, and of the scientific experimental observations at the Salpêtrière in Paris, to which attention has repeatedly been called, and which seem to explain away both the quackery of spirit-mediums and all manner of ghostly apparitions and communications. She will do good service by applying her considerable talents, with her uncompromising integrity of purpose, to the further investigation of this important subject. The other contents of this magazine are scarcely worthy of its pretensions. Mr. Grant Allen, a very bad novelist, is a worse critic of novels; and it is no wonder that the author of "The Devil's Die" should think "John Halifax" a vulgar, low, degrading, "bourgeois" story, while he declares "La Dame aux Camélias" one of elevating and purifying tendency. Art-criticism, one would suppose, is here under the editorial sanction; and the remarks on "Blake as an Impressionist" may be left to the enthusiasts for those designs of weird mystical fancy, some of which are reproduced in the engravings. Lady Dilke's history of a black cat named Beelzebub is delightful to lovers of cats, who are quite as wise as the lovers of dogs. The pictures of landscape scenes, accompanying certain verses on "Autumn Leaves," are worth more than the poetry. Though one can read French easily, one may not care to read, in an English periodical, M. Gabriel Sarrazin's estimate of Walt Whitman, put forth in a foreign language. Mrs. Lynn Lynton's dialogue between two lady friends, concerning the doubtful notions of morality, duty, and destiny alleged to be now in vogue, might a little disturb our peace, if we did not know the shallowness of fashionable talk.

Contemporary Review.—A well-known foreign writer on social economics and statistics, M. Emile de Laveleye, sets forth the objections to Communism with his usual clearness of exposition. The position of the late Dr. Dollinger in Catholic ecclesiastical politics is described by Canon MacColl. Mr. Joseph Thomson, the African traveller, has correct knowledge and sound judgment regarding the actual results of European intercourse with that unhappily ill-used continent. "Was Jehovah a Fetish Stone?" which seems a shocking question, is disputed by Mr. Andrew Lang against the socialism of Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. J. Allanson Picton, M.P., insists on the recognition of tithes as national property available for secular uses. The rightful interests of book-publishers are upheld by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, who considers that the authors have cried up their own case loudly enough. The Rev. Principal Fairbairn, D.D., compares the new with the old phases of Anglo-Catholic theology. Mr. Fletcher-Moulton, Q.C., expounds his views of the due taxation of ground-rents. The local history of a church-rate struggle, at Kettering in Cambridgeshire, many years ago, is vividly narrated by Mrs. Steadman Aldis. On the problem of free schools with public management the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley expounds the views of a section of the Liberal Party. Professor Thorold Rogers has a word more to say about the Oxford history lectureships.

Fortnightly Review.—An able and distinguished Cape Colony politician, the Hon. J. X. Merriman, discourses of South African questions. Mrs. Mona Caird, still preaching on the inequality of relations between the sexes in marriage, cherishes a high ideal: but most women think it safer to abide by established law and custom, and neither good wives nor good husbands repine at their "lifelong bondage." The Toynbee Hall lecture of Mr. J. Addington Symonds, on the lyrical element in the English romantic drama, is an instructive literary study. Mr. William Day's great knowledge of the Turf is a guarantee for the value of his observations on the evils of betting practices. A system of minute bodily examination, with precise records, of persons in custody of the police on criminal charges is explained by Mr. E. R. Spearman, who proposes its adoption in England for the prevention of cases of mistaken identity. "Vernon

Lee's" story of the Russian lady at Florence, turning frantic from luxurious dissipation, has much pathetic interest. Colonel Knollys portrays the character of that fine old soldier the late Lord Napier of Magdala. Mr. R. S. Gundry gives a frightful account of judicial torture in China. The charges and instances of plagiarism in Mr. Rider Haggard's romances, adduced by Mr. James Runciman, demand some answer. Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., forcibly renews and combines his arguments in opposition to an Eight Hours Bill for adult labour.

New Review.—A poem on Shelley's death, composed at Lerici by Mr. Alfred Austin, leads off the arrangement of contents. Mr. Frederic Harrison presumes to censure the Judges in the Parnell Inquiry Commission, and to accuse them of political partiality. Lady Frederick Cavendish pleads earnestly for the establishment of an asylum or house of protection for young women afflicted with moral imbecility. The sketches of Tangier, by Vernon Lee, are picturesque and animated. "The Evolution of Goodness"—an inviting theme so far as the title goes—is treated by Mr. F. Greenwood in a chapter of the history of ethical sentiment. Mr. Bradlaugh relates his observations of the Indian National Congress. Other subjects are handled by different writers: the Origin of Animal Life, by Mr. Grant Allen; Anonymous Newspaper Articles, by Mr. Tighe Hopkins and several authors or journalists; and turf reform, by Lord Durham, with measures recommended to the Jockey Club.

The principal magazines, *Blackwood's*, *Macmillan's*, *Murray's*, *Longman's*, the *English Illustrated*, the *Gentleman's*, *Cornhill*, *Time*, *Belgravia*, *Temple Bar*, and others which it is unnecessary to enumerate, present a variety of entertaining and useful articles; but we are unable to dwell on their contents for this month.

OBITUARY.

LORD AUCKLAND.

The Right Hon. William George Eden, fourth Baron Auckland



of West Auckland, in the county of Durham, in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Auckland in the Peerage of Ireland, died on Feb. 27, at his residence, Edenthorpe, near Doncaster. He was born Jan. 19, 1829, the eldest son of the Right Rev. Robert John Eden, D.D., third Baron Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells (whose father, the Right Hon. William Eden, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was raised to the Peerage in 1789), by Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Francis Edward Hurt of Alderwasley, Derbyshire. He was educated at Rugby, and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1847. He was Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires at Stuttgart, 1859, and Resident Chargé d'Affaires from the latter date to 1861, when he retired. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Yorkshire. His Lordship was thrice married—first, Oct. 8, 1857, to Lucy Walbanke, youngest daughter of Mr. John Walbanke Childers of Cantley; secondly, July 6, 1872, to Mabel Emily, second daughter of the eleventh Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, which lady died Nov. 7 following; and thirdly, July 20, 1875, to Edith, youngest daughter of Sir William Eden, sixth Baronet of Windlestone. By his first wife (who died May 18, 1870) he leaves, with other issue, an eldest son, William Morton, now fifth Baron Auckland, who was born March 27, 1859, and is a Captain in the second battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment.

LORD DACRE.

The Right Hon. Thomas Crosbie William Trevor, twenty-



second Baron Dacre, whose death, at his seat, The Hoo, near Welwyn, Hertfordshire, is just announced, was born Dec. 5, 1808. His Lordship was the elder son of Henry Otway, twenty-first Baron, a General in the Army, who served with great distinction in the Peninsular War, by his wife, Pyne, second daughter of the Hon. and Very Rev. Maurice Crosbie, Dean of Limerick, and sister and coheir of William, fourth Lord Brandon. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, in 1853. His Lordship was a Deputy Lieutenant and a magistrate for Herts, and was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Essex from 1865 to 1869. He sat in the House of Commons, as member for Hertfordshire, in the Liberal interest, from 1847 to 1852. In 1851 he assumed, by Royal license, the surname and arms of Trevor. The deceased nobleman married, Jan. 12, 1837, Susan Sophia, formerly Woman of the Bed-Chamber to the Queen, eldest daughter of Charles Compton, first Lord Chesham, but had no issue. His brother and successor, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Bouvier William Brand, P.C., G.C.B., late Speaker of the House of Commons, was elevated to the Peerage as Viscount Hampden of Glynde, Sussex, March 4, 1884. The deceased Peer represented a branch of the eminent House of Vaux, and was also coheir to the Barony of Fitzhugh.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Henry Oxley, J.P., of Weetwood, near Leeds, on Feb. 22, aged eighty-six.

Mr. Ambrose Awdry of Seend, Wilts, D.L., the representative of an old county family, on Feb. 20. He was born in 1816, and married, in 1839, Eliza, daughter of Mr. G. B. Clapcott of Keynstone, Dorset, by whom he leaves issue.

Mr. David Henry Stone of Castleham, Sussex, J.P., Alderman of the City of London and Treasurer of St. Thomas's Hospital, on Feb. 26, aged seventy-eight. He was elected Alderman of Bassishaw Ward in 1864, and in 1875 became Lord Mayor of London.

Captain David Barclay of Scraftoft Hall, in the county of Leicester, late 16th Lancers, on Feb. 21. He was the fourth son of the late Mr. David Barclay of Eastwick Park, Surrey, M.P. for Sunderland, by Maria Dorothea, his wife, daughter of Sir Hedworth Williamson, sixth Baronet, of East Markham.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John Colborne, late of Hicks Pasha's staff, Egyptian Army, on Feb. 13, at Cairo, aged fifty-seven. He was the fifth son of the late Field-Marshal Sir John Colborne, G.C.B., G.C.H., G.C.M.G., a Peninsular and Waterloo hero, who was raised to the Peerage as Baron Seaton of Seaton, in the county of Devon, in 1839.

AMERICA REVISITED
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CENTRAL PARK.

The city of New York, where our Artist has found subjects for many Sketches, boasts one of the largest public parks in the world, two miles and a half long, at least half a mile wide, and comprising a space of 843 acres. It is situated in the island of Manhattan, the southern part of which is completely covered with the city streets and houses, and the main approach to the Central Park is a continuation of Broadway, leading to the suburb of Bloomingdale, on the banks of the Hudson. Beyond this park is Croton Reservoir, or artificial lake, which supplies the great city with fresh water. Fifth-avenue, the abode of wealth and fashion, is prolonged by a road passing Hamilton-square, along the east side of the park. This noble city paradise is tastefully planted with about half a million trees and shrubs, forming beautiful groves and avenues, and contains the Harlem Lake of sixteen acres; the Central Lake, twenty acres, overlooked by a terrace, with steps, of grand architectural design; the Mall, a broad promenade, with spacious lawns at each side; a Casino, or refreshment-room, erected on a high green knoll; a stream crossed by five elegant bridges, winding paths through delightful shrubberies, retired nooks, and verdant glades, where the wearied townsman seeks repose, or friends and lovers may spend a happy hour. The figures of some park loungers, however, portrayed by our Artist, do not represent the better classes of New York people. One is a stranger from Mexico, with slouched hat and fur coat, seeming to feel the rigour of the New York winter climate; a "cow-boy" from the West, having returned to the habits of civilised politeness, is getting his boots blacked for the promenade; and a Kentucky man is quietly absorbing the smoke of his cigar. Young girls, from the neighbouring mansions, are taking their daily walk or run, in obedience to the rules of health. A horse is waiting for somebody to ride. But there is snow on the ground, which must be swept and scraped by the servants of the park; while ice from the reservoir is conveyed in a waggon to supply the confectioners and hotels of New York.

MOUNT TAGHARMA, CENTRAL ASIA.

This View, drawn by M. Karajin, a Russian artist who travelled some years ago over the steppes of Turkestan and Tartary, and whose pictures attracted much notice, represents a conspicuous feature of the highlands in the border region east of Zarafshan and Khokand, in the direction of Kashgar, mainly consisting of the great elevated plateau known to geographers as the Pamir, which is also called by Turkomans the Bam-i-Dunya, or "Roof of the World." These highlands, on the average 15,000 ft. above the sea-level, extend over 30,000 square miles, and are in many parts tolerably level, but destitute of trees and shrubs, and with only some patches of grass along the banks of the numerous streams and lakes. They are crossed by several mountain ranges, connecting the Hindoo Kush and the Karakorum ranges, north-west and north of the Himalayas, with the Alai Mountains above Ferghana or Khokand. The sources of the Oxus (the Amu Darya) and of the Jaxartes (the Sir Darya), both flowing to the Sea of Aral over plains of vast extent, are to be found in this central region of Asia, but lie in separate basins, divided from each other by the Tian Shan Mountains, a vast natural rampart between the Russian and Chinese Empires.

MUSIC.

The first concert of the season of the Bach Choir could only receive mere mention till now. The programme accorded thoroughly with the avowed purpose of the institution, which has in some instances been rather too widely departed from. On the occasion now referred to, the selection was entirely from the works of the grand old master. Two of his numerous church cantatas were given—"Christ lag in Todesbanden" and "Wachet auf"; the other choral piece having been the eight-part (unaccompanied) motet "Der Geist hilft unser Schwachheit auf." The choral singing was, with some few slight exceptions, very efficient, the music presenting more than average difficulty. These performances were effectively contrasted by Herr Joachim's skilful execution of the Sonata in C major for violin alone, and the satisfactory rendering, by him and Mr. Gompertz, of the Concerto in D minor for two violins. The aria "Ich will dir mein Herze schenken" was excellently sung by Miss L. Lehmann. Professor Stanford conducted ably, and Mr. A. Burnett was the leading orchestral violinist. In the first-named cantata obbligati oboi d'amore parts were well rendered by Mr. Lebon and Mr. Smith; the obbligati violin and oboe parts in the other cantata having been assigned, respectively, to Herr Joachim and Mr. Lebon. The vocal solos in this work were allotted to Miss L. Lehmann, Mr. P. Greene, and Mr. Branscombe.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall continue to offer special attraction in the co-operation of Herr Joachim as leading and solo violinist. At the afternoon performance of March 1 he played Schumann's rather dry fantasia for violin, with a pianoforte accompaniment rendered by Miss Fanny Davies, whose solo display was in Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor (from Op. 35), both artists having given excellent readings of the respective pieces. Herr Joachim led Beethoven's string quartet in E flat (known as the "Harp" quartet), and was associated with Miss F. Davies and Signor Piatti in Brahms's Trio in C minor. Madame De Swiatlowsky (from the Moscow Opera House) made her first appearance here, and produced a highly favourable impression by her rendering of an aria from Handel's "Partenope," and Russian, French, and German songs.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concerts are maintaining their attractive interest by the prevailing selection of music of established importance, varied by the occasional introduction of novelties, or of works that were comparatively unknown.

The second of the concerts of those estimable artists Miss Geisler Schubert (pianist) and Miss Fillinger (vocalist) included excellent performances by each.

The second of M. De Pachmann's farewell appearances at St. James's Hall—prior to his approaching departure for America—was fixed for March 3, when his programme was devoted to a recital of works by Chopin, of whose music the pianist has been one of the most successful interpreters.

The programme of the recent concert of the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, comprised Dr. Mackenzie's cantatas "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Dream of Jubal."

The Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society is resuming its performances at the Royal Academy of Music. The first concert of the year took place on Feb. 28. The programme included some important instrumental works, and vocal pieces assigned to Miss A. Larkcom.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GROTTOS OF HAN.

Last summer part of my holiday wanderings found me in the district of the Ardennes. Whether the Belgian quarter was that of Shakspearean fame, or whether the scene of Arden Forest is to be laid in Yorkshire, is a matter with which, happily (not being an archaeologist), I have nothing whatever to do. Suffice it to say that, after a week spent in roaming about Dinant all-picturesque on the Meuse, and in making journeys to the ruins of Montaigle and to Maredsous and elsewhere, I set off for the Ardennes proper, and drove away one fine August morning en route, first of all, for Rochefort and the famous grottoes of Han. In passing, let me recommend the Great Eastern Railway's tour to Dinant (via Harwich) and the Ardennes as a pathway to holiday-making of pleasantness combined with speed, and with what the paterfamilias will regard more favourably still—namely, high economy. Arrived at Rochefort, then, some four hours' drive or so from Dinant, you find yourself in a tolerably primitive Belgian district. The railway has not succeeded in spoiling it, although crowds flock daily in summer to see the grottoes of Han, which, by the way, you may notice advertised on the hoardings in the Belgian capital itself. There is a grotto at Dinant which is, in its way, well worth seeing. You enter it from the main street of the village, and it leads you right up through the limestone cliffs to the top thereof, and you can come down through the gardens of the Hôtel de la Tête d'Or, if so happen you are resting at that familiar caravanserai. But the Dinant grotto "pales its ineffectual fires" before its neighbours of Han, which, being tolerably near us, should certainly be visited by all geologically minded Britons at least once in their lives.

You drive from Rochefort to Han on the usual lumbering diligence or char-à-banc, and the drive is pleasant enough in its way. It occupies the best part of an hour, and there is the usual needless foreign delay about starting for the grottoes when you do get to Han village itself. In the lobby of the hotel at Han hangs a whole set of smock-frocks or overalls, and visitors may don these if they please. But I found no need for these protective garments (as an old geologist I scorned them, in fact), and those ladies who donned water-proofs (and who wore thick boots, by the way) came off in their turn exceedingly well. Cave-hunting is apt to be wet work now and then, and below foot it is often muddy here and there; but, as far as the Han grottoes are concerned, there need be no great fear at any time on account of one's garments. There was quite a procession of visitors on the occasion of my visit to Han. Over eighty persons wended their way through the caves. We were a motley crew—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Belgians, Germans, Spaniards, one Russian, and the usual contingent of our American cousins. The ladies were present in fair proportion, young and old alike; but the prettiest and most winsome of them all hailed from the county of Cornwall, and from that fact made, I suppose, an excellent underground explorer. When we did make a start, we were led a mile through the fields and copses by a female guide, who conducts visitors to see a rather interesting piece of behaviour on the part of the river Lesse. Into a big swallow-hole the river is seen to tumble, and is lost to view. Not for a mile or so does it appear again, calm and peaceful, as if nothing the worse for its subterranean passage. Then back again you trudge to the mouth of the grotto itself, where you hear an official recitation by the master-guide to the effect that you are to pay five francs per head, with an extra half-franc if you

desire a cannon-shot fired in the exit cavern. Wise persons will not desire any such thing. It is only a great deafening roar—which, by the way, you hear just as well outside, as if you had paid your half-franc extra "for a fine headache," as a sober English vicar put it last summer.

Armed with two paraffin lamps, one at each end of a cross-bar, are the lads and lasses who walk one between every two or three visitors to show the way through the Stygian darkness of the caves. We fall into line and start off down stone steps into the gloom of the grotto. At first we follow apparently the windings of the river channels, and in succession pass through a series of caves, or *salles*, representing the slower work of water as regards their excavation. The *Salles Marée* and *Nouvelle* are thus passed through, and then comes the *Salle des Scarabées*, deriving its name from the beetles which fed on the remains of the prey devoured therein by the foxes, which have given their name to the adjoining *Salle des Renards*. Now and then the guide, whose conversation is of a highly voluble kind, stops to direct attention to the wondrous limestone formations that mark the interior of the various caves. There are stalactites and stalagmites by the hundred, large and small. Occasionally you may fancy you are standing in the nave of some cathedral, while at the next step you come face to face with a mass of limestone which has dripped and dripped through the long ages and in the silence and darkness until it has come to assume the form of a veritable solidified sheet of water. Hence the name of "cascade" it has received. The glare of the lamps causes this mass of limestone to glisten as if it were frozen water. Then we ascend higher, until we come to the *Salle Vigneron* and its curious stalagmites, which bear a close likeness to the pipes of an organ. Through grotto after grotto we pass—now seeing the limestone wrought into the semblance of flags, in the *Salle du Trophée*, which has an arch over a hundred feet high, and now beholding the magnesium light of the guide reflected in a thousand sparkling coruscations of light and colour from the sides of the caves.

Later on, winding steps lead us to the *Salle du Dôme*, and we find ourselves in a vault 200 ft. or more in height. Below the ledge on which we stand rolls in darkness the river. Away up and beyond us is a mystic arch, as distant from us as the topmost seat in the gallery of a large theatre is from the stage; and at the top of the arch is a mass of stalagmatic rock, called *Pluto's Throne*. Here the guide, torch in hand, mounts away upwards to the throne. Your eye follows him as he leaps from peak to peak like some weird spirit, and finally, as he rests on the throne torch in hand, he has lost everything that is human in aspect, and appears from afar as the sombre guardian and king of the nether world. Below us, another guide dives down into the depths, and by the light of his torch shows us the black river flowing silently on. On this veritable Styx we all embark in two huge boats, and the splash of the oars sounds weird and strange in the caves. Ahead of us, at last, we perceive a curious pale-green light, resembling moonlight, but with a colour such as Luna's rays never possess; and a few strokes of the oars bring us out into the light of a glorious summer's afternoon, after our two hours' travel through the earth. There is a walk of half a mile or so back to the hotel, and finally we board the diligence and trundle back to Rochefort, in time for the inevitable poulet and veal of the Belgian rural table d'hôte.

This is a brief account, and a very imperfect one to boot, of a very notable excursion. To those of my readers who are

in want of a new sensation for Easter or summer holidays, I say, "Go to Han and see the grottoes." There you will be taught, as nothing else can teach you, what underground water, aided by the dissolving action of carbonic acid gas, effects in the way of eating out huge caverns in the limestone rocks. Truly, it is the only fashion in which you may study geology this—by interrogating Dame Nature personally, and seeing the changes she is able to induce when, through the operation of the element of time, the waters are made to wear the stones, and the huge cliffs are tunnelled into the grottoes and the caves of to-day.

ANDREW WILSON.

Interesting concerts will be given at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road, on March 13, 20, and 27. On other days there will be science lectures and variety entertainments.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, M.A., one of the assistant masters at Eton, has been unanimously appointed Head Master of Haileybury College, in the place of the Rev. J. Robertson, resigned.

The Incorporated Society of Authors held their annual meeting on Feb. 27 at Willis's Rooms, Mr. Walter Besant presiding. A report indicating that much important work had been accomplished during the year was presented and adopted.

At the annual general meeting of University College, held on Feb. 26, Mr. J. Eric Erichsen was re-elected President, Sir Ughtred J. Kay-Shuttleworth, M.P., Vice-President, Sir Robert N. Fowler, M.P., Treasurer, and Dr. Charles Graham and Professor Christopher Heath were added to the Council.

A new English postage-stamp has been issued to the public. It is a tenpenny stamp, and is novel in design; having the small head characteristic of the Jubilee issue in an octagonal framework. It is printed in two colours, carmine and mauve, with large figures of value on each side. Like all other postage-stamps now in issue, it will be available for either postage or revenue purposes.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the transfer of the 11th Middlesex (Railway) Rifle Volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wickenden, from the 57th to the 7th Regimental District, to be in future designated the 3rd Volunteer Battalion "Royal Fusiliers" (City of London Regiment); and the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, has sanctioned the adoption of the uniform worn by the Territorial Regiment.

The following gentlemen cadets have been awarded prizes as the result of the recent examination for commissions, held at the Royal Military College: Sword of honour, general proficiency, and drill, Under-Officer H. Simson; riding, Corporal C. J. Ramsden; gymnastics, Cadet W. T. C. Poole; military administration, Cadet A. R. Cameron; military law, Cadet N. W. Fraser; tactics, Corporal A. W. Peck; fortification, Cadet C. D. Field; military topography, Corporal R. R. Gubbins.

An International Exhibition of Mining and Metallurgy on an extensive scale, the result of a proposal which emanated from the *Mining Journal*, will be held during the forthcoming summer at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It has received most encouraging and widespread support. The Lord Mayor of London is Patron of the exhibition, and the Honorary President is the Duke of Fife. The list of Honorary Vice-Presidents includes many distinguished names. The Honorary Secretary is Mr. George A. Ferguson, editor of the *Mining Journal*, 18, Finch-lane, London, E.C., from whom prospectuses and application forms for space may be obtained.

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For Ladies' Column, see page 314; Wills and Bequests, page 316.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

At last there is a novelty, a true and great and, what is more, a beautiful novelty, in Court trains. Mr. Joyce, of Messrs. Russell and Allen's, has made a Court train of cloth, and has produced one of the most lovely Drawingroom gowns that I have ever seen therewith. The long popularity of cloth has led to the manufacturers taking great pains with its production, and it is now, as we all know, woven of a fineness of texture and a perfection of suppleness and a gloss of surface, and dyed with a variety and delicacy, that once could hardly have been anticipated as possible. There is nothing to equal cloth for the grace of the folds into which it naturally falls. Both silk and satin are stiff by comparison. This, together to some extent with its good wearing qualities, is the cause of its long popularity, and its almost having ousted silk from the old supremacy of that material for smart afternoon dresses. But the application of cloth to Court and evening gowns is quite a novelty; and perhaps nobody could imagine how perfectly beautiful is the effect of the long full train, falling as it does in such soft folds and such delicate lights and shades.

Lime green, the tender shade of the young leaves when they peep out in the spring, was the colour of this train. It was lined with the richest satin of a pink rather deeper than rose, which showed here and there by the turning back of one side of the train. The petticoat was of the same satin, and the garniture was pink roses to match the satin in tint, and velvety ivy leaves dyed to exactly the shade of the lime-green cloth. A cascade of the flowers fell down each side of the petticoat, joined by a trail of ivy leaves laid across the skirt just below the hips; other roses and leaves appeared on the train. The very low-cut bodice was made of the lime-green cloth, with stomacher of the green leaves, and epaulettes of roses. It was filled in to the proper height with a gauged berthe of pink mousseline de soie, held in place by braces and bands of the leaves, and a garniture to correspond trimmed the bottom of the petticoat. The whole effect was perfect, though it is hard to say what it will be when the idea is imitated, as it is sure to be, by inferior taste.

A Court gown, plain enough in itself, was made extravagant by being trimmed profusely with real orchids. The bodice and train were of rather a bright green velvet, the petticoat of heliotrope poul de soie, partly veiled with point lace, which was held in place at the left side by a trail of the great "Standard-bearer" orchid, the large petals of which are of a most delicate mauve shading to white. A lace flounce

passed along one side of the train, and at intervals, in some six or seven places in all, there appeared a great cluster of orchids tied together with big bows of mauve mousseline de chiffon. The berthe matched—flowers and lace, with chiffon bows at breast and shoulder. It was very beautiful; but when imitation flowers are so realistic, and in such a situation as along a train are equally pleasant to see, I could not help thinking that it was a pity that the exquisite real blooms should be so squandered.

Heliotrope or mauve retains its popularity. A combination of that colour and yellow produced a very charming gown, velvet of the pale violet tint forming the train from the shoulder, and the yellow satin the bodice and petticoat, with stomacher and foot-bordering of Czar violets. A rose-coloured silk train was made remarkable by having a centre of beautifully embroidered pink crêpe de Chine, nearly all conceivable colours being deftly blended in the delicate embroideries; the petticoat and bodice were white, draped with the same crêpe. Pale-grey satin brocaded with silver wheat-ears and worn over a petticoat of grey satin edged with a white lace flounce, headed by marabout feathers with silver grelots, and trimmed with lace and upstanding silver wheat along the train and on the shoulder, was also handsome.

How easy it is to do an injustice in cases that we do not fully understand—not less so to a class than to an individual! Here are the London elementary-school girls, now, being accused of incapacity to keep up with their brothers, because the boys have gained the highest marks in the recent examinations for scholarships. Some of the commentators on this result are quite enchanted about it, and speak as if the poor little maidens had proved for all time to come that, as the Hindoos think, it is not of the least use to educate girls. Others who try to defend them are evidently at a loss, and can only account for the poor results by the less ambition of girls to rise above the station of their parents and forsake manual tasks, or by the degree to which girls' services are required at home. But nobody seems to be aware of the true reason—namely, the fact that Board-school girls have one fifth fewer hours instruction than Board-school boys in the subjects examined in for scholarships! If the girls could reach the same standard as the boys with only four fifths of the instruction and four fifths of the time for study, it is obvious that the girls would be as much the stronger as some people would have us believe them to be the weaker sex.

The above statement, literally and exactly true, needs

explanation perhaps. In every girls' school a considerable portion of the time is given up to needlework. As there was some dispute about how many hours were so spent by the girls, while the boys continued at study, having no corresponding technical mechanical work to do, I obtained a return on the subject from the mistresses of one hundred and fifty schools, when I was a member of the London School Board. It was shown by that return that the average time given by the girls to stitching was five hours a week. As the total school-time (allowing for calling registers, dismissing, and other forms) is only twenty-five hours a week, it is obvious that to ask the girls to equal the boys in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography is to expect that their minds can assimilate as much in every twenty hours as boys' can in every twenty-five. This is absurd. The pity of it is that the needlework on which the girls spend so much time is not of a character to be useful to them in after-life. Their scanty brief school-hours are wasted on doing microscopically neat stitches, such as are never put into any but the finest and most costly under-clothing, and such as are as inappropriate, and indeed impossible, for the garments of a working-man's family as would be pink silk shades for his paraffin lamps or old Crown Derby for his dinner service.

Wedding-hymns, it appears, are not so scarce as a glance at the popular hymn-books might lead one to suppose. Several have been sent to me by various correspondents; but some of these verses have been hitherto unpublished. Perhaps the most interesting communication is one from the Rev. S. Childs Clarke, Vicar of Thorverton, Devon, who tells me that he and the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, the well-known Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, are preparing together a new choral service for weddings. Mr. Hervey, who is an accomplished musician, is composing the tunes, while Mr. Clarke has written the words. There is an admirable "Processional Hymn," and two others. This choral service will be watched for with interest, I am sure, by many. The Rev. Dr. Bell sends me, from Cheltenham Rectory, a very sweet and pleasing bridal hymn. Mrs. Orme, of the Deanery, Moydon, Longford, has been inspired by my observations to write a new bright and poetic set of devotional verses, which should be published. I thank these, and also my anonymous correspondents on the subject, which has turned out to be generally interesting.

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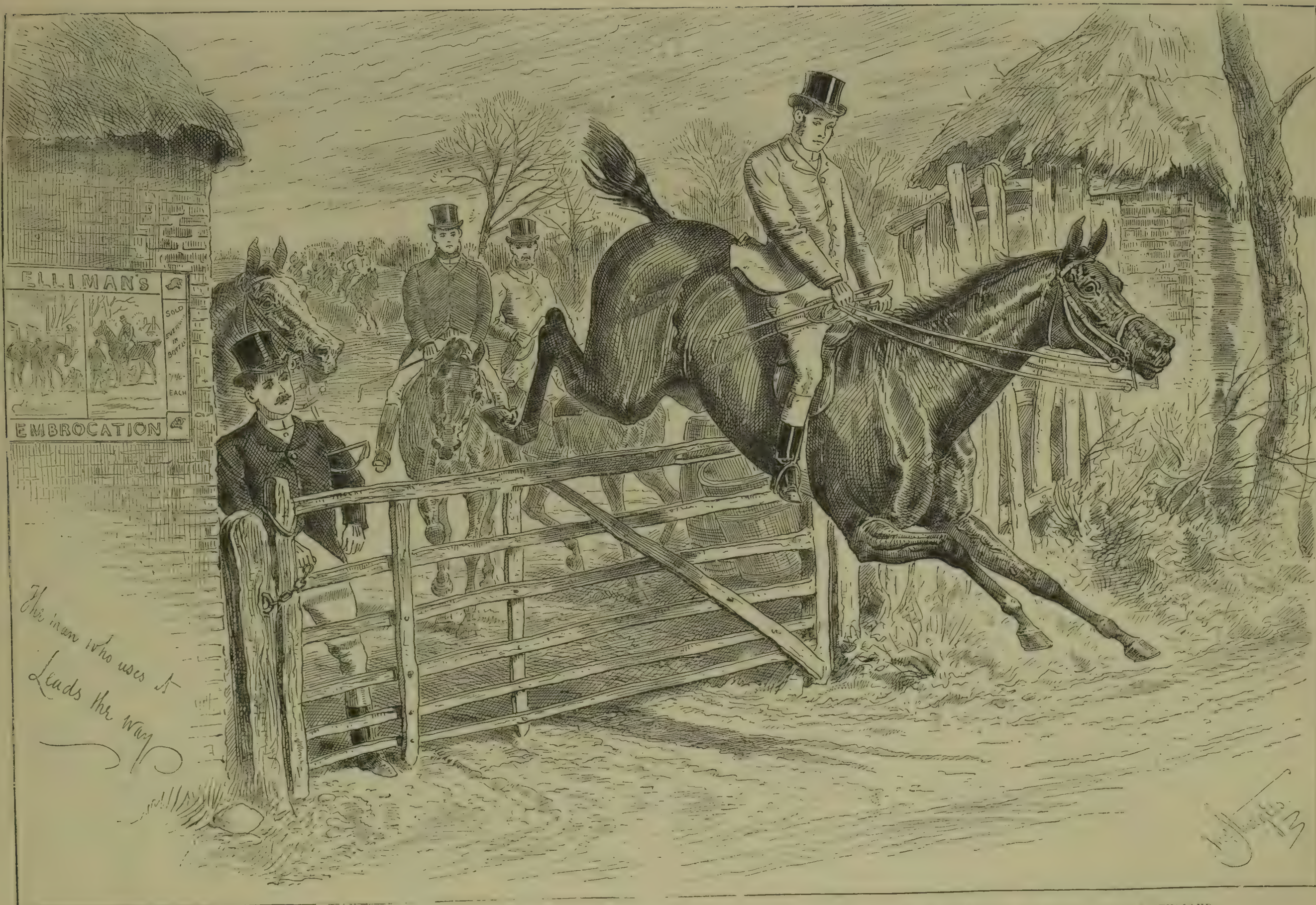
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1888), with four codicils (dated March 28, April 12, and Oct. 28, 1888, and Aug. 15, 1889), of Mr. Christian Allhusen, late of Stoke Court, Buckinghamshire, who died on Jan. 13 last, was proved on Feb. 26 by Wilton Allhusen and William Hutt Allhusen, the sons, Edward Horatio Neville and John Edward Davidson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,126,000. The testator gives £500, a carriage with a pair of horses, and wines and liquors to the value of £100 to his wife, Mrs. Annie Allhusen, and, during widowhood, 46, Lansdowne-crescent, Bath, and an annuity of £4000; an annuity of £1000 to Elizabeth Alice, the widow of his late son Henry, during widowhood, to be reduced to £700 on her children succeeding to certain benefits under his will; annuities of £400 each to his granddaughters, Minnie and Margaret (the daughters of his said late son), until marriage, and then a capital sum of £10,000 is substituted for the annuity; £20,000 to his grandson Frederic Henry (son of his said late son), and 5000 shares in the Newcastle Chemical Works Company on his attaining twenty-one, if a director or an officer of the company; £6250 to each of the sons and daughters of his son Wilton; £10,000 to his two sons Wilton and William Hutt; £30,000, upon trust, for Isabel, the daughter of his late son Frederic; and legacies to servants and others. He makes up the portions of each of his daughters, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Badeley, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Neville, and Mrs. Hibbert, with what he settled upon them respectively on their marriages, to £30,000. Stoke Court and Mount Alexander estates, and all other his lands and hereditaments in the county of Buckingham he devises to the use of his grandson Henry Eden Allhusen, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons severally and successively

according to seniority in tail male. The furniture, pictures, plate, and effects at Stoke Court are made heirlooms to go therewith. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third, upon trust, for his son Wilton, for life, and then for his said grandson Henry Eden Allhusen, for life; one third, upon trust, for his son William Hutt, for life, and then for his last-named grandson, for life; and the remaining third, upon trust, for the said Henry Eden Allhusen, for life. Subject to the said life interests, his whole residuary estate is to be held upon trusts similar to the uses declared of his settled real estate.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1890) of Mr. Isaac Braithwaite, formerly the head of the firm of Messrs. Foster and Braithwaite, stock and share brokers, 27, Austinfriars, late of 4, Gloucester-square, who died on Jan. 26, at Hastings, was proved on Feb. 24 by Basil Braithwaite, the son, Miss Adeline Braithwaite, the daughter, and Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £289,000. The testator gives £10,000 and his mansion-house and lands, Hookfield Grove, Epsom, with the furniture (except such articles as his three daughters may select), to his son Basil; £2000 each to his daughters Florence and Adeline; £4000 to his daughter Mrs. Louisa Barkworth; £25,000, upon trust, for each of his said three daughters, and he gives them power also to select any articles they may wish from the furniture and effects at his Gloucester-square residence; and many legacies to daughters-in-law, relatives, partners, executors, and others. His Westmoreland estates he devises to the use of his son Basil, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail general. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety to his son Basil; and the other moiety, upon

trust, to pay £3000 to Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Braithwaite, the widow of his late son John, and, subject thereto, for his grandchildren the children of his son John.

The will (dated May 29, 1889) of Mrs. Janet Walker Ellerton, late of Woodlands, Mount Harry-road, Sevenoaks, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on Feb. 19 by Conrad Wilkinson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testatrix bequeaths, in affectionate remembrance of her late husband, Richard Ellerton, £1000 each to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, the Thames Church Mission, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £800 each to the London Missionary Society and the Church Missionary Society; £500 each to the London City Mission, the Homes for Working Girls in London, the Emigration Home for Destitute Little Girls, and the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool-road, Islington); £300 to the Christian Vernacular Education Society (India), and the Ragged School Union (Exeter Hall); and £200 each to the Surgical Aid Society, the Poplar Hospital (East India Dock-road), the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (Queen-square), and the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children. There are also numerous and large legacies to relatives, friends, and servants, including £9000 to her cousin Horace Wilkinson. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her cousin the said Conrad Wilkinson.

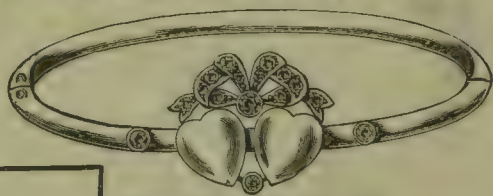
The will (dated June 28, 1888) of Mr. William Henry Gillott, late of 76, Redcliffe-gardens, and of 2, New Burlington-street, Regent-street, tailor, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on Feb. 11 by George Swinford Gillott, the son, and Miss Jane Swinford Gillott, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator bequeaths his wines and consumable

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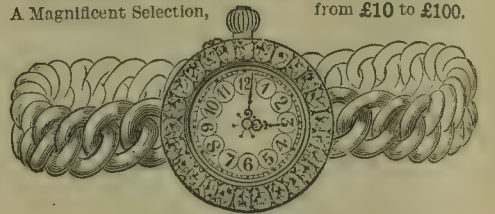


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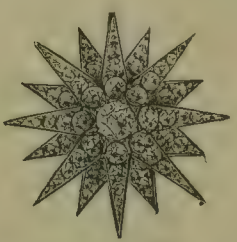
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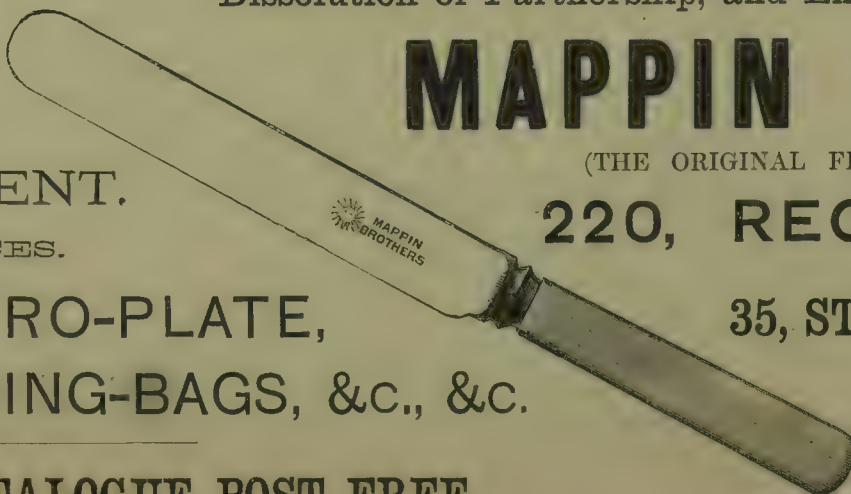
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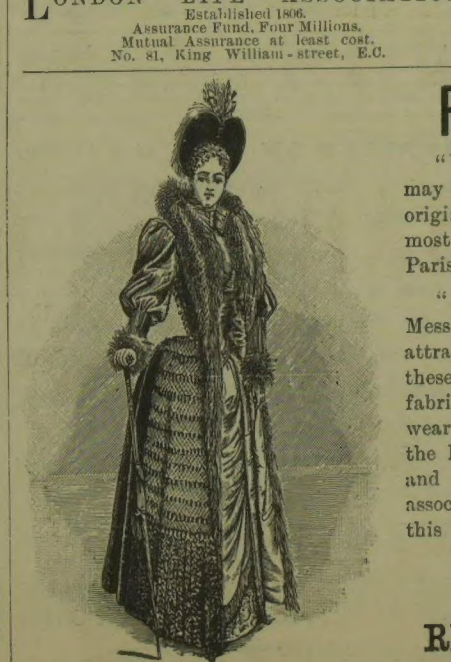
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This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come
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stores to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Gillott; and £100 per annum to each of his daughters, Jane Swinford Gillott and Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Long, during the life of his wife. The remainder of the income of his residuary, real, and personal estate during the life of his wife is to be applied for her maintenance, support, and benefit, and that of his said two daughters and the children of Mrs. Long. On his wife's death he leaves £3000, upon trust, for his son William; one third of the ultimate residue to his son George Swinford Gillott, and one third, upon trust, for each of his said two daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1879) of Mr. Charles Scholefield, late of 22, Holland Villas-road, Kensington; who died on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 17 by William Robert Masaroon, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. In consequence of the death of his wife, testator's property becomes divisible equally among all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1882), with four codicils, of Mrs. Sophia Kidgell Warner, late of 15, Carlton-crescent, Southampton, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 19 by William Henry Warner and Sydney Gater Warner, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix directs a fund to be set aside to produce 30s. per annum to be applied in keeping up the paths, renewing the turf, and cutting the grass in the old churchyard, Botley, Hants; and she bequeaths her household furniture and effects, £100, and £2000 to her daughter Ellen; she

also appoints in her favour a sum of £1000, in trust, under the will of her aunt, and leaves £3000, upon trust, for her; £2000 each to her sons Arthur Edward, Richard, and Robert George; £1500 each to her sons William Henry and Sydney Gater; and one or two other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her said five sons.

The will (dated June 14, 1888) of Major-General Bladen West Black, R.A., late of Holmrook, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on Feb. 22 by Mrs. Elizabeth Cunningham Black, the widow and executrix for life, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, with power to convert the same to her absolute use or to dispose of same by will.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1882), with a codicil (dated July 12, 1888), of Miss Lucy Targett, late of 15, Bartholomew-villas, Kentish Town, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on Feb. 14 by Joseph Blackstone and Sidney George Ratcliff, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the said Joseph Blackstone; an annuity of £100 to Mary Ann White; and the residue of her personal estate to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, 14, John-street, Adelphi.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1886) of Mrs. Sophia Moss, late of 57, Princes-square, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 21 last, was proved on Feb. 1 by Samuel Edward Moss and Joseph

Edward Moss, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testatrix devises and bequeaths all her real and personal estate, in trust, for all her children in equal shares.

The football-match between England and Scotland was played at Raeburn-place, Edinburgh, on March 1, and resulted in the victory of England by one goal and one try to Scotland's nil.

The Quarterly Court of Governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held on Feb. 27, Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that since the last court the whole of the 321 beds in the two buildings had been continuously occupied. Of the number of in-patients benefited, seventy-two had had the further advantage of some weeks' residence in convalescent homes on the south coast, their entire expenses having been defrayed by the hospital. Funds are constantly needed to enable the committee to carry on the great and useful work of the charity. A grant of £585 9s. has been received from the committee of the Hospital Saturday Fund, as also a donation of 500 guineas from Dr. C. T. Williams, in memory of the late Dr. C. J. B. Williams, after whom a ward has been named. The following legacies have been announced: Mrs. Seton Smith, £1000; Mr. F. Weaklin, one fifth of residue, reversionary; Mr. Samuel Fielden, £2000.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily Ten to Five. Carriages at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

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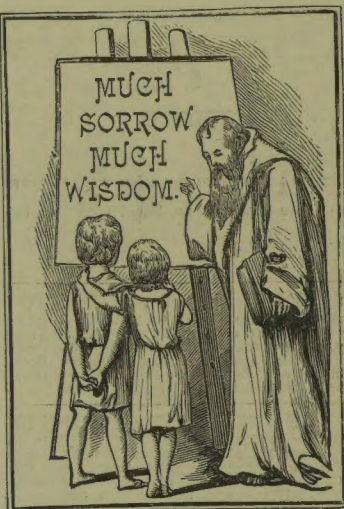
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JOLI GILLES.—March 15-18.—Mlle. Paulin; MM. Soulaireux, Isnardou.
LA FÊTE AU VILLAGE VOISIN.—March 22-25.—Mlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulaireux, Isnardou.
LE PILOTE.—March 29-31.—Mlles. Levasseur, Paulin.
There will be given a grand Ballet Divertissement after each Representation, and Four Performances will also be given by the Comédie Française.

The Classical Concerts, under the direction of M. Steck, will be given every Thursday throughout the season; and the ordinary Daily Concerts will take place morning and evening as heretofore.

PIGEON-SHOOTING CONCOURS.
Saturday, March 8.—Opening of the Third Series of Shooting Matches.



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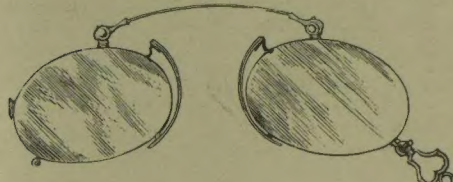
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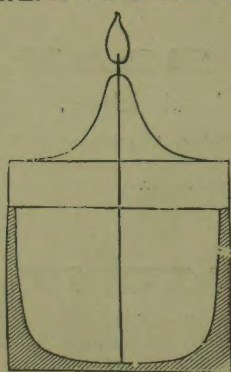
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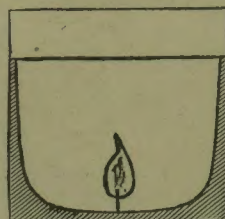


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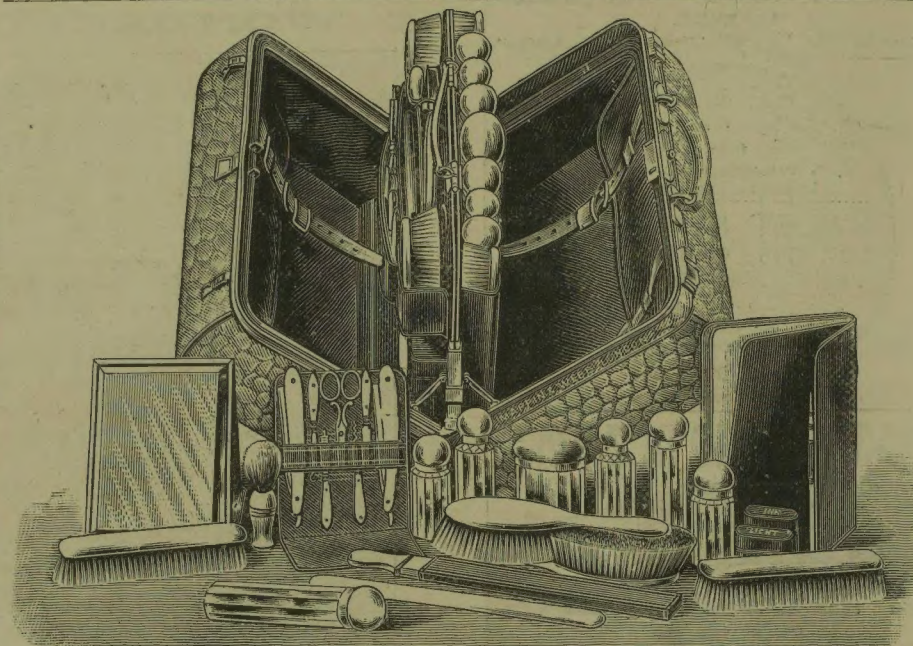
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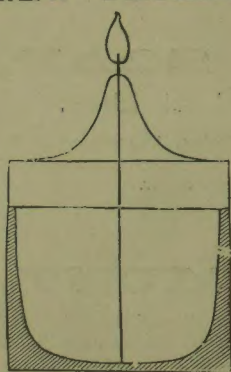
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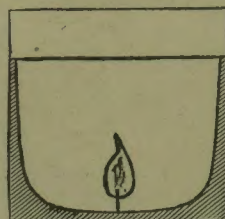


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